

# THE NAUTILUS

## SELF - HELP THROUGH SELF KNOWLEDGE

*"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
'Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."  
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."*

**DECEMBER 1907**

The gift  
Is to the giver,  
And comes back  
Most to him—  
It cannot fail.

—Whitman.

—EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY—  
• **ELIZABETH TOWNE AT HOLYOKE, MASS.** •

W. V. BELMA

Merry Christmas!



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Vol. X.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 2.

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## THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE }  
WILLIAM E. TOWNE }

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W. R. C. Latson, M. D.  
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These Are  
NAUTILUS  
Contributors  
for 1906-7.  
Others  
Coming !

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THAT'S WHY Chief Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, has founded a 100-year club, whose members expect to live a century by sensible selection of food.

THAT'S WHY thoughtful people everywhere are quitting poisonous drugs and getting rid of disease and weakness by scientific eating.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN  
FOOD SCIENTIST

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#### CURED AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING.

I can never be grateful enough to you for what you have done for me. I had suffered for years with indigestion, intestinal gas, constipation, and, it seemed, every kind of intestinal trouble. I now feel so at ease that I can hardly express myself or describe it. I know all this is due entirely to your foods and your method of laying out my general diet and food combinations. I now sleep soundly, I feel vivacious and energetic, and in every way free from pain and fear. It is very difficult for my friends to believe that all this has been done with food. I could not have believed it a few years ago.

Thanking you again and again for your help, I am,

Most gratefully yours,

MISS CARRIE SCHWARTZ,

707 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa.

March 4, 1907.

#### CURED AFTER DOCTORS GAVE UP.

My husband is a walking advertisement for what your foods and treatment will do. One year ago the doctors gave him two months to live. He is now in perfect health.

MRS. B. M. LYON,  
279 Hilldale Street, Eureka, Cal.

November 17, 1906.

#### HIGH PRAISE FROM A PHYSICIAN.

Were I at any time to become ill, I would rather have you at my bedside than all the "shining light," physicians in "Doctor's Row." I say this because I know you to be an authority upon feeding, which is the foundation of all health and hygienic reform. I have thirty years of "Doctorcraft Evil" to undo, and have been fifteen years now in the undoing. I have perused your new book with great profit and much pleasure. With kind regards,

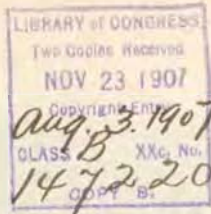
J. E. RULLISON, M. D.,  
117 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

March 1, 1906.

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**EUGENE CHRISTIAN, Food Scientist**  
**ROOM 64, 7 EAST 41ST STREET,**  
**NEW YORK CITY**





"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
'Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."  
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

# THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY,  
One Dollar a Year.

DECEMBER, 1907.

VOL. X.  
No. 2.

Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

**TO YOU.** Merry Christmas, friends!  
May your peace be full and  
your Christmas everlasting.

The gifts of the Spirit be unto you.  
Love, Joy, Peace, Gentleness, Power,  
Wisdom, Moderation grow for you and  
yours.

I speak Joy Gifts to you, every one.  
May your hearts be satisfied with giving  
Good Will to all the world.

**WHAT TO EAT.** New thought and new  
practice should be ap-  
plied in every department of life.  
Do you think there can be any virtue in  
sticking to the very old thought of un-  
scientific eating? Of course not. If you  
are to "try the spirits" that you may  
hold fast that which is good, why not  
try foods for the same purpose? Do it!

And above all "Eat less but eat it  
more," as Fletcher says. If you will  
chew your food as he directs, chew it  
and taste it until it turns to liquid and  
induces involuntary swallowing, you can  
eat any food you want, at any time.

Raw foods will help you to form the  
habit of thorough mastication.

Try foods and hold fast that which  
you enjoy and thrive upon.

But don't hold it too long! You are  
evolving; let your diet evolve with you.

Don't try new foods for fear of any-  
thing. Try them in the spirit of the ex-  
plorer.

When you eat do it with heart and  
soul, for the joy that is in each chew.

Better a little new thought put into  
preparation and mastication of dinner  
than much treatment and a nightmare  
afterward.

**PLAYING HOOKEY.** *This is written to the women  
who can't be happy with  
their husbands, and who are  
not happy without them. But 99 out  
of 100 married folks, happily married or  
not, can profit by the same little screed.  
Listen:—*

It seems to me that you are training  
for the impossible and playing hookey  
from your class in school! This im-  
pression of mine does not come from the  
fact that you have left your husband,  
but from the fact that he begs you to re-  
turn, and your children want you to,  
and you are unhappy yourself where  
you are. These look to me like strong  
indications that your present right step  
would be to go back.

It looks to me as if you were some-  
what of a man yourself, and that your  
husband has let you take all these re-  
sponsibilities for the simple reason that  
he could not at first help himself, and  
later on got into the habit of doing it.  
You cannot make me believe that any  
reasonably good man "would let his wife  
and child be his last thought" unless his  
wife had cultivated in him that attitude



## Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

of mind. And I know from experience just how a Taurus woman cultivates that attitude in a man! She could not find one of these big domineering men that look after everybody, who would marry her if he could! She is too big and domineering herself. She is apt to attract a man of strong individuality, but of the sort that does *not* impose that individuality on other people, as Taurus people do. He lets her take the responsibilities. It is necessary for him to do so, *in order to preserve his own life!*

It seems to me you will have to *let* him be himself. Your lesson is to take *hands off*, and work *with him*, instead of trying to make him work with you. I think you are too idealistic—that is, you are always thinking about what *ought* to be and fretting because people's actions do not come up to your mark. Your lesson is to take people as *they are* and be happy with them, and *in yourself*. "Happiness takes no rise from outward things"—it comes from one's own *adjusting of herself* to that which is without.

If you go back to your husband make up your mind to *let* him be the man of the family. Let him decide everything which has to do with you both, and with your child. This does not mean that you are never to have your way, but that you are never to *take* your way *until you can get his consent*.

And it does not mean that you are to get his consent by hook or crook, by threats or by making a scene, or by working on his conscience or feelings. It means that you are to state your case and then trust the spirit that is working in you both to make him see the thing as you do, **PROVIDED YOU ARE RIGHT.** If he does not come to your

decision you must make up your mind that you are not right, for that time at least. I wonder if you see the point.

Remember that man and wife must work together as *one*, and it is your husband's turn to be that one. See?

**DO MARRIED FOLKS HATE EACH OTHER?** It is said our Mountain Top Professor Larkin thinks three-fourths of the married couples in the world hate each other, and that marriage ought to be forbidden by law! Somebody else says ninety per cent of married couples hate each other.

I don't believe it. I do believe that at least three-quarters of the married folks love each other more than they guess. The proof is that they make unheard of sacrifices for each other when need arises; that they stick together when they could separate if they chose; last, but not least, that most of them never see other persons they would prefer to their own wives or husbands with all their faults.

The truth of the matter as I see it is this: About ninety per cent of the husbands and wives who can't get along with each other couldn't get along with anybody else under similar conditions, for the reason that they *can't or don't adjust themselves to each other*.

The cause of this is the old notion which we are outgrowing, thank God, that marriage is bondage, ownership. Men think they own their wives, wives think they own their husbands. Each exercises his ownership by trying to make the other do the main part of the readjusting. Each instinctively resents and resists the encroachments of the other. And the result is—hell.

But even in hell love is.



## Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

Let somebody from outside encroach on both man and wife and see how quickly they will stand as the *one* they really *want* to be, and *are* at heart.

**A STORY.** This reminds me of a story. A man dreamed he died and went to hell. Instead of the hell he had always believed in, he found a place that reminded him of Central Park in July. Along a shady walk approached several happy looking men, who came up and greeted him. One of the men introduced himself as Bob Ingersoll. "Well, how do you like hell?" said Bob. "I am amazed," replied our dreamer, "to see such a beautiful place." "It is pretty nice now, isn't it," answered Bob sociably. "*But you just ought to have seen the place when we got here.*"

What Bob Ingersoll and his friends did for a dream hell can be done for marriage by almost any ordinary man or woman.

Do I mean man *and* woman? No. It takes just one to begin the important improvements in the marriage hell—preferably the woman, since she is in charge of the home. But either man or woman can do it.

How can a woman do it? By living her own life *according to her own conscience, by adjusting herself to conditions as she finds them, and setting herself to improve them as well as she can without too much friction.*

Faith, hope and kindness remove friction *and reveal love.*

The difference between hell and heaven is the difference between friction and no friction; between fight and co-operation.

**TO REDUCE FRICTION.**

To eliminate friction re-adjust yourself. This does not mean you are to be a door mat, or a mush. It means that where you cannot touch your husband pleasantly, you are to touch him not at all. To vibrate with him when you can; when you can't, to go off and vibrate with yourself. *And to leave him free to do the same.*

Heaven is freedom. Hell is bondage. And any hell may be transformed to heaven.

What if your husband (or your wife) won't let you be free? But he can't help himself. Here is a hint: Agree when you can; please when you can; never chew the rag. Read him (or her) the Declaration of Independence if necessary, then shut up and go about your business.

If *you* keep mum and follow your conscience the Spirit of Truth will illuminate *both* of you and dissipate the sulks. Truly "the believing wife shall sanctify the husband"—and *vice versa*.

That is, the wife or husband who believes the Spirit of Truth is real and works for rightness in both, will hold her tongue *in peace*. And verily she shall be blessed and her husband with her.

Heaven is any place where people live close together and enjoy each other.

Marriage is the school where people live closest and therefore have best opportunity to work out heaven in all its details.

Until human beings are happy in marriage they miss heaven.

Worth trying for!



## Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

**TO PRINTERS  
AND SUCH.**

In business it is better to get out your best and oldest customers' work promptly and well than to try to make each and every customer stand his share of the delay caused by rush of work.

Your best customers *won't stand* for delays—they will be the first to leave you in search of a printer with better business methods. They are themselves prompt and reliable and they won't put up with other people's delays and unreliable work.

No customer will continue to stand delay—you will lose him sooner or later. If you are prompt and reliable with your best and oldest customers you keep them, and the poorest pays and smallest fries eliminate themselves perforce. This is good for your business.

Does this look unfair to the small customer? Not at all—let him find another printer to whom his work is a godsend, not an added burden, and he will get good service; and his business and the printer's will grow together.

This same principle of cherishing the best and sifting out the next best applies in all departments of life, not only in business but in home, and in school, and in reading the papers and magazines, in social and civic affairs.

To spread your energies over too much ground is to satisfy nobody, yourself least of all; is to develop the smatterer, unreliable in all departments of being and doing.

Life presents so many things that no human being can do them all. Wise is he who chooses everywhere the best and cherishes it, fretting not his heart over the less good that floats by on the tide.

(This little homily was suggested by dealings with an overly conscientious

printer who, business growing too fast for him, tries to please everybody and ends by pleasing nobody and working himself into nervous prostration in the bargain. Wonder if he will see the point.)

**THE FINANCIAL  
PANIC.**

New York has been having a breeze, sure enough.

Good enough for the Heinzes *et al.*, and high finance. And good enough for the banks that have been crawling around and over and under the banking laws.

The high financiers say "Teddy did it, it, down with T. R.!"

*Collier's* says Teddy was merely the doctor who diagnosed the case, and that high financiers think the diagnosis killed them, instead of their own evil doing.

James J. Hill says the scared people all over the land are most to blame for the panic, because they grew cautious and wouldn't let their cash circulate; and that folks ought to go right down and deposit their money to relieve the stringency.

*Appeal to Reason* says Standard Oil is at the bottom of it all—that they got Cortelyou to put \$70,000,000 of the government's funds where Standard Oil could get hold of it to pay an English loan that was pressing them, and that this started the whole thing.

**THE CAUSE.**

Probably T. R.'s diagnosis and Tom Lawson's exposures coupled with Ida Tarbell's *et al.*, are at the bottom of everything. When Standard Oil tried to raise that \$70,000,000 it found people too well informed to pay \$800 a share for its new water. So it turned to the banks, and the banks to the U. S. treasury.

Then came the Heinzes, and their fluke scared the common people who de-



## Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

manded their money out of Heinzes' banks and everybody else's.

This panic proves what we ought to know anyway, that no bank can stand a sudden run on its funds.

Says *Collier's*, "A little timely aid, and a little washing of dirty linen in private instead of in public might have saved the Knickerbocker."

Of course. Saved the Knickerbocker now and let it and the others run on a year or two longer until the Heinzes and their ilk had *all* their funds instead of a part, and the crash had involved poor as well as rich. For this was a rich man's crash. Only stocks and bonds have suffered; the rest of us are a bigger, brighter, better world than ever. And we are all wiser, if mayhap sadder and in spots, poorer.

DID YOU  
SEE?

And did you see the way J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller and others came to the rescue of those banks? To be sure, they got 10 per cent on their loans—while shaky stock buyers were begging for money at 100 per cent. But who of us would, under the circumstances, loan his little all of hard coin at *any* price? Wouldn't we hug it close? Yes. And Cortelyou, cool as a cucumber, passed out cash for bonds until the storm was over.

If Teddy did it, why didn't Morgan and those others stand by and let folks see just what Teddy did? Instead, they banded together to oust the high finance bank directors and save the others.

Why? No such concerted action was ever before made in the world's history, to save credit of fellow bankers, yes, competitors, and keep the small depositor from loss. Why didn't they sit tight with their money and let the fools and their dupes smash—as usual?

I see in this action the impulse of the cosmic consciousness. Morgan, Rockefeller and other financiers are waking to the knowledge that *all must be saved or none are saved*; that little depositor and big banker, that stock seller and stock buyer, are "*members one of another.*"

**THE WORST?** There are those who predict the worst is yet to come, that hard times are just beginning, that a labor vs. capital war is at hand, that we shall have revolution and then—socialism.

Some sort of socialism is coming, yes.

War is coming, hard times, and revolution.

*But not to the nation as a whole.*

Not to many communities as a whole.

*Only to the individuals who yet belong to the old order of cut-throat competition.*

To those individuals who see the new order, shall be no more great disasters, and nearly every community has enough such to save it as a whole.

Yes, socialism is coming—*Morgan and Rockefeller and the others have just been practicing it.*

Cortelyou, too.

**SOCIALISM?** Cortelyou poured the people's money in to save banks that fired their faithless directors and saved their depositors from loss.

In exchange for the people's money he accepted railroad stocks and bonds of various sorts. So the people now have a mortgage on more railroads, etc., than ever before.

That means the people control the railroads, and if the railroads won't stand control the people will foreclose.

Through Teddy Regnant and Cortelyou *et al.*, who are extensions of T. R.



## Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

and all of them focussed expression of the whole people's will.

If this isn't tangling things up into practical socialism I'd like to know what it is.

Oh, yes, it has always been tangled up like this—the people have always held a mortgage on railroads, etc., and they could always foreclose. Every little community exemplifies the same state.

*But the people didn't realize it until T. R. and T. Lawson, and others, turned on the light.*

Now the people are seeing that all they need is to use the machinery they already own, to use it by voting in the right men to run it for themselves; instead of voting in party men to run it for the "vested interests" as opposed to the whole people.

Don't you see that the government machinery is *already* socialism, and all we need is the right men to run it for all the people?

Vote out the politicians everywhere, vote in the men of cosmic consciousness, brains and backbone, and socialism is here.

Already the day is dawning; witness Galveston, Des Moines, Cleveland, San Francisco, the New York panic, and 10,000 other light-rays all about you.

**PROPHECY.** I say unto you, fear not.

Grow in common sense, bank your money with the best banks you know of, and be glad. The year 1908 will be a prosperous and safe year for those who work together for good.

The other fellows will get some lessons—which is good, too.

Selah!

**WHY?** "It seems as though the death of Mr. and Mrs. Post had knocked the supports right out from under much of our new thought. She healed others—why could she not heal him? If she had gone first I could have understood it better. I think we shall have to cling closer to the teachings of the Man Jesus, and follow him through the river of Jordan."—M. D. H.

How about the fact that Jesus failed to heal many "because of their unbelief?" And what are you going to do with that other big fact that in spite of Jesus' praying all night that the cup of death should pass from him it did not pass? Others he healed—when they believed—"himself he could not save."

When it comes to demonstrating over disease and death I don't see that Helen of Seabreeze was so very far behind Jesus of Nazareth. Do you? There are people who claim Helen did "greater works" than Jesus. They think it no blasphemy to say she did the "greater works" that Jesus said should be done by those who came after him.

Did you know that Helen did once heal Charles C. Post, when he was in the last stages of consumption?

I fancy Mr. and Mrs. Post both died because they lived too high and thought too much about their troubles with the postal department. They got tired of living and quit—that's all. I fancy none of the rest of us would be any braver under the same conditions, and I am deeply glad we *can* die and get out of things and start over again somewhere else when we want to.

As for "clinging closer to the teachings of the man Jesus," if you do that you won't *cling* to anybody or his teachings. You will stand on your own feet and learn of the spirit within you. Then you won't find yourself falling down because some "support" slips out. See? If you trust "*The spirit to lead you,*" you will feel with Paul that "*none of these things move me.*"

"God's in his heaven (*within you*) and all's right with the world," whether Helen Wilmans or Jesus dies, or not.

And new thought was never newer or truer, or more widely and fervently believed and lived than today.

If any "supports" are gone for you, you are to be congratulated! The Comforter, the Enlightener, comes not until the Helen props, and the Jesus props too, are taken away.





## "Be Still and Know."

The swift stream in its wild unrest  
Beats all its waves to spray;  
Heaven's floating image on its breast,  
Frets to a troubled gray.

The hurrying soul God's image mars,  
Quivering beneath life's rod;  
The still pool knows the patient stars  
As the peaceful soul knows God.

—Grace MacGowan Cooke.





# This New Thought Movement.

By EDGAR L. LARKIN.



It is assuming vast proportions, is spreading everywhere and including refined, cultured and intellectual people. The latest fad in the scientific world is the art of making matter vanish from human scrutiny.

The highest teaching of modern science is that nothing exists but corpuscles and these are made of electricity. A row of corpuscles one inch long will contain 12,500,000,000,000; and the number required to weigh one drug store grain is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

This is the latest deduction of classic, refined and now historic experiments made with electricity in glass tubes from which all the air had been taken that is possible to be extracted. The corpuscles were made to pass out of the tubes through walls of solid aluminum and disappear. The entities known for long as mathematical abstractions are remarkable. Badarayana over in Northern India, just south of the Himalayas about 4,000 years ago had trouble with them. Then he formulated the marvelous Vedanta philosophy to relieve his mind of the piled up immensities.

Vedanta still exists, it will not down. Indeed! It has an ever increasing number of adherents, yes, right here in the United States. It is almost like New Thought. Hence New Thought itself is a kind of mathematical abstraction. But mathematical abstractions are the most incomprehensible things known—or, more accurately, unknown. Mathematicians have smashed their heads against

them for at least 4,270 years. Anybody can get one abstraction at any time, by this method: Subtract an 0 from an 0 and the remainder is an 0 which is a pure mathematical abstraction. But you cannot get two, try your best. Thus add an 0 to an 0 and the sum is 0, not two 0's or naughts. Now subtract a 1 from a 1 and you get an abstraction, add a 1 to a 1 and you get 2 real units, not abstractions at all. Then go and divide an 0 by an 0 and you have a 1, that is, you have caused a 1, an actual unit to appear. Next go up and multiply a 1 by an 0 and the product is 0; you have succeeded in making a real 1 vanish. Go, too, and divide one grain of any phase of matter into the above appalling number of electrical corpuscles and you do not have a genuine mathematical abstraction, but something exceedingly like one. Now thoughts emanating from the human brain are made of corpuscles.

Just at present I cannot absolutely prove this, but believe it, for by admitting the truth of this assertion, we come around scientifically to the circumference or perhaps point reached by Badarayana in his Vedantie New Thought Effort over on the banks of the Ganges river, which is, "Thoughts are things." I have known it for several months. This statement explains everything including telepathy and spiritualism. It places New Thought on a solid rock and annihilates speculation. For this doctrine of corpuscles covers up a multitude of mere guesses and hypotheses. You go to work, take a 1 and add 1-2 to it. Then add 1-4, 1-8, 1-16, 1-32, 1-64, 1-128, 1-256 and keep at it for a long time. After a while you will get up close to 2. Pythagoras thought that you never would get to 2. Newton tried it and in-



vented infinitesimals to name the space between the last fraction and 2. We now call this indivisible distance or entity a corpuscle. It is not nice to call it an abstraction, for an abstraction is supposed to be nothing. Yet, divide one by another and you evolve a 1 as above. Everybody believes that corpuscles are eternal and uncreated. Glass, stone, steel, paper, flesh, brain, zinc, helium, mind, radium, tin, souls, wood, thoughts, carbon, water, diamonds, animals, suns, worlds and all existing things whatever are made of corpuscles. Now some of

the sages of India went on dreadfully and said that matter is made of mathematical abstractions. That is—matter is made of nothing. We now say that it is made of next to nothing—excessively refined electricity, and let it go at that. New Thought people, the genuine high plane kind are able to think of the two stars Vega and Sirius in the one-hundredth part of a second of time. But these two giant suns are known to be 206 trillion miles apart. How wonderful is the human mind, that inscrutable electrical mystery.

## “All These Things.”

ELEANOR KIRK.

You cannot do a big thing and you don't want to do a little one. You cannot make an expensive present—“like other folks” and you will not advertise your poverty by a small remembrance. You cannot imagine why you may not possess and give as you please or why your neighbor who is no more worthy or refined than you are can order her brougham or auto and go speeding off whenever she wishes.

It is a conundrum and there are millions of people endeavoring to guess it. Up to date no answer that will hold water has been sent in. We know that it isn't a reward of merit that draws the brougham although many excellent persons ride in these carriages. Religion has nothing to do with the proposition, neither will fraud account for it. Some grafters are obliged to walk or ride in trolley cars quite like the folks who believe in prayer and heaven. It is not necessarily because you have been extravagant or made a bad use of the money you once had that causes the shortage, though it needs no seer to tell us that we cannot have our cake and eat it. Still there are enough recoveries from the con-

ditions entailed by extravagance to show that some are profusely supplied with the cream of life and others get only the skim milk and sometimes not much of that.

Even those who do not believe in a scientific cure for poverty are prone to declare that there is money enough in the world for everybody and that they are not getting their share. But the reason for this seeming unfairness is overreached, notwithstanding there is no subject before the world today that is more interesting or that challenges a greater attention.

The limitations that poverty builds about the human life are aggravating beyond expression. The pious rich often recommend its chastening processes. They tell of the wholesomeness of its influence in the development of character, and often point to their own early days of pinch and endeavor, to prove what a powerful factor it was in their cases. A millionaire not far distant is never tired telling of the time when he went to meeting barefooted and the first pair of shoes he earned by doing errands and chopping wood for the neighbors. His



children, by the way, have always had their toes covered and their bodies well protected. This story is for other boys and for Sunday school purposes.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added."

Whether or not this promise of Jesus to His disciples has ever been adequately explained is hard to tell, or if there is such a thing as a rendering of a spiritual promise into permanent understanding and literal bodily comfort. Some readers accept the statement exactly as it is written, though they do not seem to have realized any very favorable conditions therefrom. Many people join churches in order to have this promise fulfilled—to secure the big loaves and the fat fishes—which such a course appears scripturally to indicate, of course it does not. To seek the kingdom of God because of the riches supposed to accrue is a sneak instead of a seek and nothing worth having can come from such a mercenary quest. The promise is not for these money hunters and it is doubtful if wealth *per se* was ever included in the statement, though many New Thought writers and alleged Scientists declare that the words would hold no comfort if divorced from the expectation of abundance—which means all the money they want to spend and all they think now they would like to give away.

If we carefully read the whole of the sixth chapter of Matthew we shall find that "all these things" has reference to food and clothing which are won without friction when faith is born of a *true* seeking. In the sixth verse of the same chapter we are told that we cannot serve God and Mammon. Again that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

There was no thought of gold, silver, precious stones or greenbacks in the

mind of Jesus as he uttered these beautiful, uplifting words: "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin." They were clothed upon naturally and simply. They did not labor or doubt and the consequence was that nature—God—provided the garments that were in every respect best suited to them. They did not need velvet, satin or fashion plates, nor was it necessary to spend valuable time in planning a costume that would be handsomer than their neighbors.

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of these things."

What things?

Food and clothes and shelter. Need of them? How plain and how beautiful that is. We must be covered and fed but we do not *need* Russian sable coats or terrapin and grouse on our tables.

Far and away from the simple has the world rushed in its frenzied career to possess unnecessary, troublesome, harmful—yes, literally poisonous and deadly things. Is it possible that we can accuse Jesus Christ of a promise to provide unlimited wealth for people to spend in the destruction of their minds and bodies?

It is surely true that the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of dollars are very far apart. Contrast "the green pastures" and "still waters of the spirit" with the hullabaloo of Wall street, and the dishonesty and heart-break of finance in every part of the world. It surely goes without saying that the seekers in such domains know nothing of the realm of truth, love and righteous simplicity. The kingdom of heaven offers straight and safe sailing. There is nothing complex about the steering apparatus. God is at the helm. To really trust this Almighty care is to live the life of comfort and joy right here and *Now*. "*Seek ye First.*"



## A Christmas Meditation.



*"Fear not! for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people!"*

*"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever."*

*"I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."*

**G**OOD TIDINGS of great joy sound in my ears on this Christmas day. I am free, FREE from the age-long fear of the race; for Christ, the Lord, the Everlasting Saviour dwells forever within the manger of my heart. He is with me always, powerful to quell every tempest; ready to heal, to comfort, to uplift, to give beauty for aches, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

To know and understand in any degree these tidings of great joy is to have found "The Kingdom." For in Him I find the satisfaction of every want; in Him the perfect fulfilment of every need I shall ever know, not only in this present life, but in infinite reaches of life to come.

And so I bring to Him the gold, the frankincense and myrrh of my loving adoration. While the Angels' Chorus rings 'round the world: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men."

—Florence Morse Kingsley.



# What I Know About New Thought.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



"Please tell us how you first came to accept New Thought," asks a reader of *Nautilus*. But I have never accepted New Thought as a new creed. I have welcomed it as an old friend. Having looked into the

philosophies underlying most creeds I have taken the kernel of truth in all, and made me a religion which suits my own intelligence and needs.

In the most ancient of all philosophies, I have found the most satisfying and convincing arguments regarding "Life Eternal," and the "Oneness" of the universe, and in the Vedas, it seems to me, lie all the religions of the world. Yet from the Vedas I cull only what helps me in my daily life. Thousands of years before Christ, Masters of Philosophy and Seers of Wisdom formulated the wonderful principles of a great wisdom religion from which all later metaphysicians have consciously, or unconsciously borrowed the base of their creeds.

Here are some of the principles taken from the *Raja Yoga* (The literal meaning of *Raja Yoga* is "The Science of conquering the internal nature, for the purpose of realizing the Divinity within." What right has any modern teacher to claim that central idea as his or her own discovery?): "We must have four sorts of ideas: Friendship for all; we must be merciful toward those in misery; we must rejoice with the happy and ignore wickedness."

*Every reaction in the form of hatred*

*or evil thought is so much loss to the mind; and every evil thought, or deed, of hatred, controlled and overcome will be laid to our favor.* Each time we suppress the unworthy impulse, so much good energy is stored in our favor, to be converted to higher uses.

"There is nothing in the universe but energy and the power to use it.

"The highest action of energy (called Prana) is thought. The knowledge of the control of Thought, opens the door to unlimited power. To understand it perfectly, would be to perform miracles.

"Consciously or consciously health can be transmitted.

"One man having more control of 'Prana' than another, can rouse him for the time being to a state of vibration, and transmit health to him. The process can be carried on at a distance. Is there any break between you and the sun?? Why, then, cannot force travel?

"This is only primitive healing. Faith and will, brought to bear, rouses, through faith, the dormant Prana of the patient and dispels disease. All manifestations of power arises from control of Prana or thought."

"In this Universe there is one continuous force on every plane of existence. There is no difference between the sun and man. There is no such thing as my body or your body except in words. It is all one. Sun, moon, mineral, man. Even in manifest motion there is only unity. One who has learned how to manipulate the internal forces will get the whole of nature under his control."

It is difficult to understand how any modern metaphysician can claim a "discovery" in this line of thought, after reading such extracts from a philosophy



thousands of years old when Christ came to earth. It has been discovered that Christ himself was a student of these religions, and had attained to the control of Prana, and consequently Nature's laws were under his dominion.

The entire fabric of "New Thought" is contained in the words quoted above. Therefore, as a serious student for many years of the oldest extant, it was a natural sequence that I should find New Thought acceptable.

During the last twoscore years, the "Hell Fire and Damnation" creeds of our forefathers have been flooded with the cooling waters of Metaphysical thought.

These waters have been formed by a chain of lakes under various titles: Theosophy, Christian Science, Divine Science, Mental Science, New Thought, and a half dozen other names have become familiar to the public ear.

Each one of these lakes has a claimant as a "discoverer."

So soon as a personality thrusts itself into a religion and endeavors to lead and dominate, it loses its Divine Force for some souls.

Mine is such a soul.

Looking up to my Creator, I do not want my gaze obstructed by man or woman, potentate, priest, or leader, claiming to be the discoverer of my faith, or director of my idea. Each soul must be its own spiritual Columbus. Sailing on the wide ocean of life, I have found the course lighted by two great spiritual lighthouses, Buddha and Christ. Studying the map of the world,

I find evidence that these two great Masters received their illumination from the same source; and that Masters older than themselves left philosophy which contained all the truths of the universe. From this old source all later discoverers have obtained their knowledge.

The philosophy of New Thought is not new, it has not one original idea, but it is a simplified and practical form of a very ponderous and wonderful religion. It makes an application to the everyday needs of modern life, of principles and ideas which the ancients used only for the few who chose the life of adepts.

No personality has intruded its vanity, or ambition, or desire for glory and leadership into this organization. Therefore, it seems the most wholesome of all the prevailing creeds. But New Thought alone, as it is represented today by its magazines and teachers, would never satisfy the needs of my mind and spirit had I not long ago founded my faith upon the Great Law of Reincarnation, and obtained an understanding of the succession of lives through which we pass in various forms and on various planes.

With that foundation of knowledge, the simple everyday religion of New Thought blends perfectly, as indeed it should, since both are parts of one great all embracing philosophy found in the books of the ancients and formulated thousands of years ago with one supreme purpose—THE LIBERATION OF THE SOUL THROUGH PERFECTION.

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*Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Ben Franklin.*



# The Road to the Kingdom of Heaven.

BY W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.



The ancient mind was mystical, metaphorical; and the literature created by such mind can be intelligently read only by bearing in mind that, quite aside from their concrete sense, all the statements contained therein were capable of other interpretations. In the so-called synoptic gospels, we meet constantly the phrase, "The Kingdom of Heaven," or, "The Kingdom of God." The early churchman accepted this phrase as meaning a place of infinite and eternal joy; to which would be sent the souls of those who proved themselves true believers. Modern scholars, however, are fairly united on the question that the words have another, at least one other, meaning.

What is this meaning? The story is told of the good, old Quaker, whose simple, calm and kindly life had prolonged his years until he had almost reached his hundredth birthday. The old man was seated before his cottage door one morning, when a neighbor passed and asked him jestingly; "Well, father, is it not almost time for you to die and go to heaven?" "My son," replied the old man, "I have lived in heaven for over forty years."

The Kingdom of Heaven, then, using the word in this sense, is not a place but a state—a state of mind which sees life, its events and its relations in their true light; a state of mind which ensures calmness, kindness and faith, no matter how complex or difficult conditions may be.

## THE CARDINAL SIN.

There is one error of the day, which it seems to me, is the parent of all other errors—not only of errors but of weakness, sickness, unhappiness, disquietude, violence and crime. And that error may be called externalization. Externalization, the conception of certain objects and events as being in themselves important—this is the primary error, the cardinal sin. For the universe in itself, this world with its sky-scrapers and bridges, its ocean liners and automobiles, its "good luck" and its "bad luck," its thousand and thousand petty tribulations—this world is after all, as Brown-ing said, merely "stuff to try the soul on."

## LIFE IS A GYMNASIUM.

The event is not important; it of itself has no color, no character. It is neither good nor bad. Only I am important. My soul, my mind, my character—only they are important. The event is influential only so far as it affects my life, my action, my development; that is to say, life is a gymnasium; circumstances, events, "troubles," as they are called—these are merely the apparatus by which the soul is made strong.

## "GOOD LUCK" AND "BAD LUCK."

For instance, it is generally believed that to inherit a fortune is decidedly "good luck." It is an equally common belief that loss of one's fortune is "bad luck." And yet I have in mind a case in which the sudden acquisition of a large fortune proved the absolute ruin, physically, mentally and morally, of a most brilliant and promising young man. On the other hand, I am acquainted with an instance in which a dissolute, spend-



thrift and altogether worthless young man met with a sudden loss of his entire fortune. The trial brought out his latent manhood, developed in him unexpected qualities both of mind and spirit; and since that "loss," since that time when his friends agreed that he was "ruined," that youth has achieved a world-wide reputation in at least two exalted fields of human endeavor.

Another instance which will illustrate my point is that of a young man who, as a child, was possessed of a peculiarly ideal and spiritual temperament. His mother was an aristocrat of the old school, narrow, positive, domineering. From his earliest years he was subject to her influence which in one way or another he has combated. Every advance that he has made spiritually or mentally—even commercially, has been achieved at the price of her disapproval, her opposition.

Today that man, not yet arrived at middle age, stands at the head of a semi-commercial, semi-professional enterprise that is of world-wide fame and importance. There is no doubt whatever that but for the trials of his early boyhood, but for the powers of adaptability, delicacy and will which that opposition developed, this young man would merely have been what his father was, a well-bred nonentity, a "cumberer of the ground." Thus we can see that the circumstances which might have been destructive became to him stimulating, even creative.

We hear much of "good luck" and "bad luck," good fortune and bad fortune, opportunity and disaster. But to

the thoughtful mind such utterances have no meaning whatever. To such a mind it is apparent that in luck the "good" or "bad" depends upon the man or woman to whom the experience comes. The man whose mind is rightly adjusted toward himself, his fellows and the Infinite—such one will perceive that "All things work together for good to them who love the Good." And if misfortune come, if life be difficult or perplexing, he (or she) will realize that every difficulty is an opportunity, every obstacle a chance to achieve greater powers of body, of mind and of spirit.

So much so is this the case that the great thinkers of all ages have clearly seen it and have expressed it in various ways. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," said a Jewish philosopher of the olden time. He saw clearly that every trial, every chastening, was an opportunity. That only through such chastening, such experience could the soul rise to its proper place as sovereign of its servants, the mind and the body.

And so the road to the Kingdom of Heaven is often steep and rough. Thorns grow by the wayside. There are lions in the way. But every obstacle makes the wayfarer stronger, better able to overcome the rest. Every hurt makes him more kind, more wise, more sympathetic with the hurt of others. Every lion fearlessly faced will be found tethered by a short chain. And he who would find this Kingdom, this state of calmness, kindness and faith must learn to look upon life as his gymnasium, must learn that only by using its events for his own development shall he be able to enter the "Kingdom of Heaven."

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### Christmas Day.

Christmas Day with its greeting and song and its brotherly cheer,  
Is the earnest of days which ere long will be here.  
And the child whom the manger reveals 'twixt the sheep and the kine,  
Is the earnest of manhood that feels the Divine.—Ernest Crosby.



## Miss Sally's Affinity.

E. LOUISE LIDDELL.

"There, Roxy, I'm thankful to say the last pie is out the oven," announced Miss Sally Hobson, with a triumphant flourish of the pie-catcher. "I'm toler'ble satisfied with my bakin'."

In truth, the spinster had abundant cause for thankfulness and satisfaction, for surely never was a more tempting array of Christmas "goodies" ever seen. There were mince pies, of course; pies of apple sliced and of apple stewed; cranberry pies, pumpkin and custard pies, all of the requisite flakiness of crust and delicacy of coloring. There was a plum pudding, too; and a monstrous fruit cake, both redolent of spices and crammed with raisins. Then there was gold and silver cake; a platter of delectable-looking doughnuts, flanked by loaves of snowy bread; mounds of jelly, and pickles galore, both sweet and sour.

"The turkey's waitin' in the pan for roastin', the chicken soup's ready to warm up, an' the veg'tables are all cleaned, so there won't be over-much to do tomorrer," continued Sally, looking expectantly at her sister.

But Roxy wasn't in an approving mood, apparently. "I can't see for the life of me what you're thinkin' of to cook up sech a lot of stuff," said she.

"It is consider'ble of a bakin'," acknowledged Sally, her color rising. "But I do hate to be scrimped in vittles."

"Scrimped!" ejaculated Roxy, "why, you've got 'nough cooked up for an army. For my part I dunno how we're ever goin' to make way with it. I don't b'lieve in makin' sech a fuss over your eatin'."

"I thought mebbe somebody might be in," returned Sally, apologetically.

"Very likely, in this outer-the-way place," sniffed Roxy.

"You can't tell," rejoined Sally, mysteriously. "There's a tall stranger riz up in my teacup three times runnin', three diff'rent times lately."

"H'm! That makes nine of 'em," commented the elder.

"Then I've hed sech queer dreams, too," continued Sally, "seein' crowds of folks, an' weddin's, an' all kinds of goin's-on. That's a sure sign somethin' out of the common is goin' to happen."

"It's a pooty sure sign you've been eatin' doughnuts an' cheese the las' thing 'fore goin' to bed, an' they've give you indigestion."

Now, Sally not only cherished a belief in signs and omens, but she also held various other "beliefs" relating to the superiority of mind over matter, implanted by an enthusiastic city boarder of the previous summer. How well this lady was qualified to act as instructor may be conjectured. Sally accepted her teachings unhesitatingly, and practiced them according to her understanding of them. Thus she regarded her sister as one blinded to truth. "There ain't any sech thing as indigestion," declared she. "I only wish you would hev listened to Miss Egerton talk 'bout that. She made it as plain as day that we're all sperit. Ef only you *could* throw off them wrong beliefs an' deny matter."

"Mebbe I could, ef I was as pindlin' as you an' Mis' Egerton," retorted Roxy, laughing. (She weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred!) "But I mus' say I didn't hev much faith in Miss Egerton's talk after her sayin' it didn't make any difference if Johnny Raymond *did* smoke cigarettes from mornin' till night, when anybody with a particular sense could see the boy was smokin' himself to death. Then jest



think of her treatin' me for a bunion, an' sayin' there wasn't any sech thing as a shoe! I guess I know better 'n that! The worst of it was her puttin' you up to eatin' all sorts of things at all sorts of hours; an' goin' out in all sorts of weather without proper wraps. It's *my* belief we've got to take care of our bodies, ef we want to keep our spirits in good order."

Sally listened resignedly, and then with the courage of her convictions persisted, "Deny matter, an' you can go without wraps, an' eat bricks ef you want'er."

"Well, I s'pose it ain't worth while to wrangle over our beliefs, right or wrong," acknowledged Roxy, pacifically, "an' I guess we don't need to eat bricks, neither, while there's so many good vittles round."

Shortly after noon the following day, Sally had lighted a fire in the air-tight stove in the little parlor, and was laying the table in the immaculate kitchen. "Might's well put in an extry leaf, I guess," she soliloquized.

Roxy smiled when she entered the room a few minutes later, noting the extension of the table and display of best linen and china. The smile broadened at sound of a series of rousing knocks at the front door. "There's your stranger," she remarked, facetiously, as Sally hurried away.

Really, she supposed it to be some neighbor who had stopped on the way from the village to leave a letter or divulge a bit of gossip. Consequently she was greatly puzzled on hearing Sally usher some one into the parlor. "Queer time to be makin' a call," she mused. When ten minutes or so had passed, and only a murmur of voices had reached her ear, she began to feel downright aggrieved at being thus ignored.

Finally Sally appeared, in a state of suppressed excitement. "Sure's you

live," she exclaimed, "it is a stranger—a gentleman! His name's Whitely. Mr. Noel Whitely."

"Seem to me it took consider'ble of a time to find that out," replied Roxy, rather frigidly. Then curiosity getting the better of resentment, she added, "Where on earth did he come from?"

"Why, there's bin an accident on the Morriston express, cars off 'n the track, some of 'em wrecked; he was on board, an'—"

"But that's a good five mile from here," interposed Roxy, incredulously.

"Jest let me finish, can't you?" said Sally. "As I was goin' to say, he started out to find the branch road, but not bein' uster the country he kinder lost his reckonin', an' wandered round, I dunno how long. He says when he caught sight of this house it seemed like an oasis in the desert."

"Wall, it's quite a spell sense I studied joggerfry, but I must say I hed diff'rent idees of deserts and oaises."

"Oh! of course that's figgerative," explained Sally. "He uses the most beautiful language. You can't help seein' that he's very much of a gentleman. His hands don't look as though he ever did a mite of work."

"More to his credit ef he had," retorted Roxy, in her most uncompromising tone.

"An' don't you think," Sally went on, "he lost all his baggage, an' ev'ry-thing, in the accident. He had a case of valu'ble jewelry, and a lot of money in his trunk, but when he got out'er the wreck he couldn't find a sign of 'em. Don't it seem like a romance out of a book?"

"Seems more like a lie to me," responded Roxy, calmly. "Does his close look's though he'd bin in any accident?"

"Why, n-o," acknowledged Sally. "I s'pose the car he was in didn't happen to be smashed. Poor man! it makes



him feel dreadful to encroach on our hospitality—he said so. I hope you don't begrudge a meal of vittles to a human bein' on Christmas Day? We might be entertainin' angels unawares."

"Goodness, no!" returned Roxy. "Only I hope he'll go soon's he's had his dinner. I don't want no man angels round."

"Ef I ain't mistaken, you'll reely enjoy hevin' him here," declared Sally, relieved at ever so small a concession on the part of her practical sister.

To Roxy's secret discomfiture she *did* enjoy the presence of the guest at their Christmas feast. He was so polite, so fearful of giving trouble, so appreciative, and withal so very well-looking and entertaining that the spinsters were almost equally charmed with him. He was profuse in praise of Miss Sally's cookery, which, he declared with a sigh, reminded him of his mother's. When Roxy rallied him on being a bachelor—he had announced his single blessedness with the soup—he replied significantly that he had never till *very* recently met one who combined an amiable disposition with true housewifely instinct. One, in short, whom he recognized as his affinity.

Sally listened with complacent self-consciousness. Doubtless she was recalling her marvellous dreams, and the mysterious stranger of the tea grounds.

He had traveled extensively, if one might judge by the familiarity with which he discussed foreign countries and their peoples. But he was weary of wandering, he said. He had thought of investing his modest competence in a small farm, where he might with a congenial partner pass the remainder of his days. Did they know of any such, close at hand?

Sally was radiant, and even Roxy was impressed. "He does 'pear like a proper nice man," whispered the latter, as

she and Sally were changing the plates for dessert.

And Sally had replied ecstatically, "Did you take notice of what he had to say 'bout his affinity?"

Time passed so agreeably that the short winter afternoon was nearly spent before the trio arose from the table. Indeed, they might have lingered longer, had it not been for the pleasant jingle of approaching bells.

"Mebbe there's more of your comp'ny," remarked Roxy, with a quizzical glance at her sister.

Sally blushed and simpered, but the visitor appeared unduly agitated. "Do I understand that you are anticipating other guests?" he inquired, rubbing his hands nervously.

"La, no!" Roxy hastened to reply. "That's jest our nonsense. "But I declare," she added, they *are* comin' right inter the yard. I don't seem to recognize the team, neither."

While she was discoursing, a horse and double sleigh had stopped at the rear entrance.

"With your kind permission, it might be expedient for me to withdraw," suggested Mr. Whitely, in increasing perturbation.

"There ain't no need—" began Roxy, but the visitor was already making a bee-line for the front of the house. "Ef he ain't the bashfullest man that ever was!" she concluded, hurrying to the window to see what was going on outside. Two men—one short and stout, the other long and lanky—had alighted, while a third remained holding the lines. "Three more of 'em!" she ejaculated, almost inclined to believe there might, after all be something in dreams.

Sally, in the meantime, had opened the door and was parleying with the strangers. After a minute or so she admitted them to the kitchen, with a half-amused, half-defiant air. "This is a doctor and



a keeper from the Morrision asylum," she explained to the wondering Roxy. "They was looking for a crazy man that 'scaped from there this mornin'. I told 'em we haven't seen nothin' of 'im."

If a terrible suspicion flashed into the elder sister's mind, she did not betray herself. "No, 'ndeed," she answered. "There was a Mr. Whitely took dinner with us. A nice gentleman as ever you see."

"If I could just clap my eyes on him for a minute," suggested the lanky man.

"Certinly," returned Roxy, with dignity. "He went in here, when he saw you comin'. I never seen anybody so 'fraid of intrudin'." As she spoke, she lead the way to the parlor. But on the threshold she stopped with a cry of dismay. An icy draft was sweeping through an open outer door, and nowhere to be seen was the Christmas guest!

"That's him!" exclaimed the lanky man, gleefully and ungrammatically. "Lost his money and valuables, hadn't he?"

"Up to his old games, I suspect," said the short man, eyeing Sally keenly. "Looking for a farm and his affinity, wasn't he?"

"Is it possible—was he—do you reely think—crazy?" faltered the younger spinster.

"Well, not as mad as a March hare, ma'am," responded the little doctor, "but a little wrong in the upper story," tapping his head significantly.

The sisters watched their visitors drive away, then regarded each other for a moment in silent consternation. Then spoke the elder: "To think of our makin' all this to-do over a lunatic! Mebbe this'll be a warnin' to you not to be puttin' dependence in silly dreams, after this. An' mebbe you'll re'lize that bed-time lunchin' is related to queer dreamin'!"

"I expect yo're right," owned Sally, limply. "But anyway," she added, rallying, "his manners was jest ellegant, an' I ain't sorry he hed a good dinner for once."

\* \* \* \* \*

In the middle of the night Roxy was awakened by groans. Hastily donning dressing-gown and slippers she rushed to her sister's room.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Sally, "my throat is turrible sore, an' I've got sech a chill I can't sleep for shakin'."

Roxy wagged her head impressively. "That comes of walkin' to the village day 'fore yisterday in your thin jacket, an without rubbers."

"Don't!" implored the sufferer. "I b'lieve I'm goin' to hev pneumonier, an' I know I'll never live through it."

"New fiddlesticks!" retorted Roxy. "I s'pose you *can* worry yourself to death, if you want, but there's no partic'lar need of it. You jest sniff this camphor while I git some mustard plasters an' hot bricks ready, an' make up your mind to be all right in the mornin'."

"I never mistrusted that you b'lieved that *thinking things* made any difference," said Sally, as her sister was smoothing down the bedclothes a half hour later.

"Wall," said Roxy, slowly, "you know what the Good Book says 'bout faith without works. I b'lieve in right thinkin', but it's my 'pinion that all the thinkin' in the world won't amount to shucks ef you don't back it up with right actin'. Now you take this aconite, an' go right to sleep."

"Mebbe you're right," assented Sally, drowsily.

## Send A Merry Christmas

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## The Man With The Hoe.

KATHERINE QUINN.



Edward Markham wrote a poem which set the reading world a thinking. Countless men and women had looked at Millet's great picture with critical, perhaps with appre-

ciative eyes. To them it had been associated with all the details of country life; before their eyes passed in long procession generations of peasants who like "The Man with the Hoe" had spent their lives toiling in the fields. They talked, in all probability, of the wonderful repose, which characterizing all Millet's painting, in this case makes it possible for him to portray that hopeless stolidity which he has succeeded in getting onto canvas. They saw that the picture fitted into its surroundings; that it was one with the soil and the atmosphere, and with all the miserable adjuncts of its uninspiring and ill-requited labor. But it remained for Markham to give life to that still form, to put into it a soul, and to declare for its equal rights and liberties with its more fortunate brethren.

Mr. Markham has told us how the poem was written. He said that when he saw the picture it made as immediate impression on him. He sat before it for hours until it had sunk into his very soul. Then one Christmas vacation about ten years after he had first seen it, he says, he sat down and wrote out his impressions concerning it. But he was really writing the poem ever since he saw the picture, and for a long time before it. It does not matter that

he never put his pen to paper during those years; he was nevertheless all of that time engaged in actual composition.

In our school literature we learned that Gray was seven years writing his Elegy, and we looked upon him as a unique figure in literary history. We supposed, of course, that he was all of that time polishing and perfecting his masterpiece. A good deal of it may have been spent in that way, but it is likely that the greater part was spent in merely wooing thought.

Thought produces thought, just as apple trees grow apples. "The Man with the Hoe" embodied the ideas of ten years. Every line of it was laden. When the poet came to actually write it his difficulty must have lain in knowing just what to exclude, for an immense number of thoughts must have been accumulated during the period mentioned. Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam" seventeen years after Arthur Hallam's death. For seventeen years his thoughts were playing about the memory of his departed friend, traveling from earth to heaven and back again, pondering love, human and divine, before he recorded his impressions.

And those years for both Tennyson and Markham were merely the time in which they were filling in the details of their works. Nobody knows how long they were really writing them. It was an accident that Tennyson's friend died, and that Markham wandered into a gallery where a great picture was on exhibition. What formed the essence of the occurrences was Tennyson's great capacity for friendship, and Markham's sympathy for the downtrodden. For years they had been putting themselves



in such a state of mind as to be receptive to the messages they were to receive.

And neither does anybody know how many poems and pictures are now in the making. We walk in a magic world where all manner of unexplainable things are ever confronting us. "Earth's crammed with Heaven, and every common bush on fire; but only those who see take off their shoes."

We are dead to the spiritual significance of things. Our eyes are holden and we cannot see the beauty with which God hedges us about. We walk with angels and know it not; drink the nectar of the gods and call it common wine; touch divinity on every side and say that all is mortal; play with the forces of life and death like children knowing not their power. Wonders are about us; spirits fill the air; a country more wonderful than any of which we have dreamed lies within us, and we make no effort to explore it; overflowing with milk and honey it lies there, and we come back from it, like the false prophets, declaring that it is girded with enemies.

Concentration is all. Genius was never so truly defined as when it was called an infinite capacity for taking pains. Whatsoever we can persevere in doing, in that we can become proficient. You or I may not have the poet's gift, but if we pondered like Tennyson for years upon a subject of the supremest importance, think you no hosts of white-robed thoughts would come to dwell with us?

We use our minds like menials to do our little errands. We cannot recall a name and we send our subconscious mind to fetch it. Like an obedient maid it goes about its work, and we turn our attention to other things, knowing that in good time the truant will be brought back. True to our expectation, in some moment it is flashed upon our conscious-

ness; then we delight in our little exploit, and think that it is for such things as this that minds are given us,—that we can remember men's names and call them properly, or tell the date of a battle, or the time our country was settled, or when stoves were introduced into England. But we do not think that all Heaven lies uncovered for our exploring, and that troops of angels wait to conduct us through regions where fountains rise which should forever quench our thirst. We waste our thoughts over the trivial things of earth. We despise our birthrights more deliberately than did Esau of old, and then when a genius comes, to wit: a man who thinks, and after a dozen years of study writes a poem which makes him famous, we cry that an unknown power is loosed in the universe.

And yet the springs of knowledge are within ourselves. All mind is of one piece. No poet or painter ever gained an outlook into any world, but between that world and ours are waves of ether by which light can pass to us if we but open the windows of our souls. It is by thought that we turn towards the Lord, and if we turn unto Him, He in turn will incline unto us, and will be gracious to us, and will make the light of His countenance to shine upon us.

Let us not barter our birthrights and then seek in vain for the place of repentance. But whatsoever things are high, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever are lovely and of good repute, of these things let us think. For it is of such thinking that great pictures are made, and great poems.

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*"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears; it is best to have a bit o' silence, and out o' that, may be a psalm will come by-and-by."*

—Edward Garrett.



## A Memory of Helen Wilmans.

BY ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D.

I was a member of Emma Hopkins' class in which Helen Wilmans received lessons in mental science. From the first she was greatly interested, and with others questioning, arguing, and combating. During the fifth lesson the climax came, and Helen was converted. I can never forget the scene. It was like the crash of a great oak when she realized that in mind was all power, that the physical in itself was nothing. It was almost more than she could bear. Her body swayed, her face became red and then pale, her whole being tossed with emotion. Those of us more bound to tradition looked on with wonder. This great brave soul pierced through the darkness of materialism, and was struck by a light that could only be compared to vivid lightning.

In a few days after the first crash of fallen idols, she became glorious and exultant. There was no halting or resting in self-satisfaction. The impetuous, brave soul could not rest until the world, her world, basked in the same radiant light that she did. At that time she owned and edited a paper called *The Woman's World*, devoted to economics and socialism. In the field of literature it was a firebrand, and dealt sledge-hammer blows at the evils of society and government. Her subscribers stood by her and swore by all she said. Her whole world had gone wrong but Helen had taught the way of dealing with the wrongs.

One week after her conversion she filled the columns of *The Woman's World* with the new philosophy. With what enthusiasm she dwelt on the power of Spirit, the healing of bodily infirmities and the prophecy of a new order. The dear woman reckoned without her

host, for the loyal became disloyal, and the enlightened thinkers proved to be stupid and stubborn. They thought Helen had become a crazy fanatic. The old "world" was good enough for them; the *new spirit* smacked of religion, of conventionality, and really, to them, seemed a step backward. A large number stopped the paper, but Helen was not daunted. She rented a down-town room and began classes, charging the same fee that Mrs. Hopkins did. Students in numbers came to her, and she gave new impetus, new life to what in a manner had crystallized in dogmatism.

She said, "you stand aghast, you halt, you stumble, when Emma Hopkins says 'all is mind, there is no matter.' Suppose you put in one little word and say 'all *power* is in mind,' matter as matter, body as body, composed of salts and liquids, is dead, is inert, without mind."

She came into my office, her face all aglow. She says, "Dr. Alice, I am a living, spiritual being. I can be what I will to be. From this day I devote myself to making the world know this great redeeming truth."

She soon sold *The Woman's World* and went South to join her husband, Charlie Post, in Georgia. Her first great conquest was to heal him of consumption, which gave her faith in herself. She soon established *Wilmans' Express*. In a short time this was changed to *Freedom*, and for years in clarion notes sent forth truths of health and conquest. A master of English, Helen was sure to express every thought in language clear, vivid and unmistakable. *Freedom* became a power, and her correspondence extended over the English speaking world. Beside her magazine, she wrote books, gave lectures, and healed the sick.



I know cases that recovered under her ministrations as miraculous as any recorded at any time in the world's history. When in India I gave to a traveling companion who was afflicted with heart disease Helen's lessons to read. The heart was so swollen that it was distinctly visible on the surface. For fifteen years she had not been free from pain, and physicians had told her that death was imminent at any time without warning. How eagerly she read the pages and with what voraciousness she absorbed the healing truth! For three days she read, studied and copied the

wonderful utterances of these lessons. At the end of the three days the pain, soreness and swelling left her, and from that day to this, fifteen years, has not returned.

And now to our short-sighted vision Helen is no more; to us her voice and pen are silenced. Who knows?

Perhaps now she is in a state of consciousness where she is free to do better and greater works than ever, where courts and authorities have no power to hamper and hinder, and where in a *new birth* she may have experienced the Conquest of Death.

## The Habit of Happiness.

ADELAIDE KEEN.



Disposition or temperament makes or mars our lives.

Temperament is three fold, spiritual, mental and material. Temperament can be changed. It is the result of habits and environment, grafted on inherited traits.

From our

heavenly father we inherit all good, from our earthly one often, undesirable ones, also threefold. But never mind, persevere! To him that hath (happiness) shall be given (more happiness). This is truth; truth is mighty and must prevail. Happiness is a habit, just the same as biting your nails or being late to meals. Habits can be cultivated or suppressed. Oh, yes, it takes time. But patience is a bitter

plant with a sweet fruit. Despondency comes from inward trouble, as the old ladies say. Study your book on anatomy. Liver, spleen, stomach, bowels and so on. What difference which organ makes a fuss, all are formed from dust, by God, and a local habitation and a name being given to our fancy, we hie off to the doctor and buy his pills. There is no pill like patience, no liniment like love, no elixir like exercise. Let us begin to breathe, bathe, walk, sleep, eat and pray as we should. United to the spirit of all, in daily acts and thoughts, we must manifest joy. Happiness is the best habit for health. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and yet the Lord dwells in our inmost parts, the healing power of nature, without which no cure is made. Happiness comes from contentment, and that results from a firm, cheerful view of ourselves, our lives, our future. To say, "All is good!" calms and strengthens; but it must be said often, up hill and down, in darkness and light. Sensitive people, the "old souls," say that they cannot be happy, "the world-sorrow is great,



that life is so sad." Life is, on its surface terribly sad. Fires, floods, poverty and suffering assail on every side. But, away down, deep in the silence, where God works, all is joy. We must dig for that joy. It is a well of living water, to be used every hour. And the beauty of it is that one has his own and need never borrow or beg the water of life from his neighbor. But we might easily have a gold mine on our land and be still a pauper. Some one comes along and "divines" that mine; you drop all foolish ways of wasting your spare time and dig for that well of joy, that mine of happiness; for happiness has a current value and will buy anything. Take it to market and price what you will. People will sell you what you please. This well of joy never runs dry, its source is eternal. And if you bathe in its waters you can wash away all disease.

Sorrow or sadness causes poor circulation and indigestion, the twin fathers of our list of ailments. Even cancer comes from impediments in the blood. Skin diseases come from the stomach, insanity comes from the nerves and all nervous troubles begin, so the doctors say, in the emotions. So bathe yourself in joy, just as if you really had your heart's desires, wealth, health, love and beauty. And as surely as God lives, and he does live for "without him there was nothing made," you will see wonders.

The truth is, we have hugged sorrow for so many centuries, priding ourselves upon it, parading our woes, for sympathy, as the beggars show their sores. Thus, the well of happiness and the habit of joy have become almost extinct. All good things are ours for the recognition of them. Blind, we miss all beauty. In the spiritual rebirth we have eyes to see our blessings. We have magnified our woes too long. Remember that "what the eye don't see, the heart won't grieve for." Ignore sorrow and as Nature abhors a vacuum, joy will fill her place. We have outgrown persecutions, wars, martyrdom, and penance, this is the era

of brotherhood and joy. And we help our brother by being so happy that he catches the infection. To the sunny person, luck flies and clings. The sad one, even with "good cause, (really, there is no cause for sorrow or want) has more than his share of bad luck and disappointments. Sad people are always neglected and imposed upon! And joyful ones are treated royally. For joy, in every human form, is kingly and calls for and gets, the best in the house. Sad people live in hell. Hell is a place of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, regrets and remorse. Heaven is a place of joy. Get that joy by righteousness and peace and *will power*, and "no man can take it from you!" It begins here, and in your heart.

Disappointments are the *bete noir* of the sad. They remember them and expect them, so of course, they come. "Oh, but I have hoped and hoped!" they say. Yes, but have you prepared? Have your lamps trimmed and burning! Use the best of oil, clean globes and even wicks. Next time, better luck! Lay your plan deep and cheerfully and with the salt of life (joy) catch the shy bird of opportunity. He is so shy that if he hears us "knocking," he will be scared off and will alight by the sweet and serene, who have *trained themselves* to throw the salt on his tail. Suppose he does slip by with a laugh, at our disgust? Just laugh back and then, being curious, like all birds, he will come again to see what makes you laugh. Those meek or sour people who rail at fate, never get the luck they long for. Oh, no! To him that hath shall be given. Life is a survival of the fittest. And if we *fit* ourselves for what we want, instead of what we don't want, why, then, we survive and enjoy. The other kind, the unfit, are killed off by the blows of fate. Fate is so cruel! Only to the weak, and sadness is the worst form of weakness. **JOY IS STRENGTH!** Get the habit and keep it for "all these things shall be added," to joy. For truly, my friends, joy is the kingdom of heaven!



# The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SEQUENCE OF NUMBERS.

One of the most significant and deepest truths of life, of Nature, of the Universe, is, that there is correspondence—fundamental correspondence—everywhere.

It is impossible for us to separate ourselves from the life about us, for we are a part of it, and bear the closest relationship to its manifold forms and manifestations. The soul, the connecting link between the body and its Creator, is the medium through which all consciousness of that Divinity and our close connection with the unchanging source of life is manifested. Now, the question arises: How is it manifested?

You have been told that everything, all activity, every visible thing, is the result of *Tattvic* vibrations; and that our physical bodies are gross—that is, *visible*—effects of their ceaseless permutations and comminglings. What you have already learned concerning the bonds of sympathy established by the *Tattvas* has prepared you for the consideration now of all the links in the chain of causation, the analysis of which will enable you to answer in fullest detail and incontrovertibly the question: What is this relationship and correspondence? in answering which the first question is answered also.

All this is made clear through study of the Self,—a septenary compound of principles which link the microcosm to the macrocosm by the same septenary chain through and by which all phenomena issue from the noumenon. The human body consists of seven vehicles of expression,—sheaths, bodies, or principles, as they are variously designated.

The lowest of these is the physical body, an aggregation of cells compounded by the grossest vibrations of the *Tattvas*; but cells could not exist without molecules, nor molecules without atoms; and just as every process from the exterior to the interior of the cell is a gradation of refining motion, to forms and vibrations too subtle for the comprehension of man, so also is the structure of the human body.

The sequence of numbers forges the links in this life-chain,—numbers ever repeating, ever reiterating, ever reproducing and recombining—constrained by the Rhythmic Law—the primary Logoi emanating from the First Cause. As from this First Cause, which is Unity (the Creator, Brahman), everything in the manifested world proceeds, the basic Truth is that the Law of Unity is the keystone of the arch supporting, defining, and limiting all other laws and their activities. But since manifestation implies change, how does this Law of Unity act? Every act proceeds from an impelling influence,—the *power of thought, which is Spirit in action*. God thought, and instantly the vibrations of that thought—for us the first manifestation of Force—began working in its affinity, or opposite, the Mother Principle of the Universe, *Mula-prakrita*; or *Pradhâna* homogeneous, undiscrète substance; the *negative* phase of Spirit, and the root of matter, which is always negative to Spirit.

Thus even Unity *in action* must have two phases—activity and existence being unthinkable otherwise—and these two aspects are necessarily of different character, opposite poles the one to the other, hence give rise to diversity in Unity; whence arises the law of affinity,



or sympathy, in opposites. Therefore, "pairs of opposites" are to be held in mind as the basis of all activities, all change, all progress, and the beginning of numbers,—the duad, without which the Holy Trinity were impossible. Affinity is the Love Principle which builds all worlds, while its opposite, hate, destroys. The opposite of unity is diversity, and the product of their interaction is a unit which differs from them,—the Trinity, the three in one, or three aspects of the Primary Cause.

These aspects are defined in Principles as Will, Wisdom, and Activity,—the Will *to do*, the Wisdom *to conceive*, the Power *to act*. The ideas of all created things are inherent in this first utterance of Supreme Unity, which we recognize as the First Logos,—the expression or Voice of God, who spoke the Universe into existence; for the resulting vibrations are the Holy Spirit or creative medium. This First Logos was sevenfold, and differentiated into the seven Logoi, or creative potencies, corresponding to the vowels of speech, and acting through the septenary of vowel-sounds. Thus sound and color and form correspond throughout Nature.

These are the seven heavens, or angels, who "sounded each one vowel, which, all combined together, formed a complete doxology,"—the Harmony of the Spheres, and Pythagoras' "Voice of Nature." The forces thus set in motion are the Seven Hierarchs of conscious divine powers, active manifestations of one Supreme Energy. In Hindu mythology, this stage of evolution is known as "the creation of the gods," the Fohats, or Forces.

Now, the Logoi must be recognized also as "the Seven Great Rays" from the Holy Spirit, or Primal Light. It is these seven Forces, symbolized as the "Elohim or Seven Spirits of God"—the lower Sephiroth of the Kabala—

which define the limits to the links in the chain of causation, establishing seven planes of manifestation, corresponding each with its primal Ray and its vowel sound, and differentiated the one from the others by the character of its vibrations; that is, their form and rate, or number per unit of time—their velocity.

The Western mind has little idea of the latent power in sound and consequently in words, numbers, and musical tones. But number underlies all form and guides sound. All life is manifested in numerical proportions and rhythmical motion. Motion, ceaseless motion is a condition of all existence, and form determines its effect; but sound with its rhythm and accent, of which number is the expression, *moulds the form*. Thus, the Voice of God—sound—shaped the vibrations of the First Logos which contained in itself the germs of the succeeding seven Logoi.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that we are forced to employ the Sanskrit nomenclature for the *Tattvas*; because Sanskrit being a pure, primitive tongue, is rich in onomatopoeic words like our rustling, brilliant, scurry. There is great probability that the names of the *Tattvas* bear a metrical relation to their signification, quality, and action on the gross plane of matter.

The Pythagoreans considered seven, or the *heptagon*, a religious and perfect number. It was called *Telesphorus* "because by it all in the Universe and mankind is led to its end"; and also, "because within the decade it has neither factors nor product." Plutarch says that Pythagoras maintained "the earth was the product of the cube; fire, of the pyramid (triangle?); air, of the octahedron; and the sphere of the Universe, of the dodecahedron." When you recognize the agreement between this theory and the *Tattvic* Law (in the form of elemental vibrations) you will, per-



haps, think with me that the moderns would better cease to scoff at the "fantastic metaphysics" of Pythagoras, and with humble spirit and open minds study his tenets.

The number system of Pythagoras was based on the theory of opposites (by which alone Creation and the activities of the Kosmos can be explained). Numbers were divided into odd and even, and from their combination other numbers (and therefore all things) resulted. He believed number was the basis of order and harmony, identified it with form; and endowed different numbers with their special virtues and powers. The first four corresponded respectively with a point, a line, a surface, and a cube. The point (1) signified unity, having position, and being analogous to the *monad* (Spirit, or Ego), was positive and bi-sexual; the line (2) was analogous to the *duad*, an even number, unlimited, because it could be perpetually halved, negative and feminine; a surface (3) was analogous to the *triad*, or triangle, positive and masculine; and a cube (4) to the *tetrad*.

Four was also significant as the first square number, and as being the potential decad ( $1+2+3+4=10$ ), or perfect number. Five was called "the nourisher,"—the generating and fostering sound; for it was believed that a fifth was the first of all intervals which could be sounded; and also it contained the first feminine or even number (2), and the first masculine or odd (3). Pythagoras discovered that the fifth and the octave of a tone could be produced on the same string by stopping at two-thirds and one-half of its length respectively. This gave the law that harmony depends upon numerical proportion, and the discovery is believed to have led to his whole philosophy of number.

There is a famous Chinese arithmetical diagram called the *Loh-Shu*, or the scroll of the river *Loh*; the invention of which is attributed to Fuh-Hi who lived 2858-2738 B. C. It is a mathematical square from 1-9, so written that all the odd numbers are expressed in *yang* sym-

bols,—white dots, emblems of heaven; while the even numbers are expressed in *yin* symbols,—black dots, the emblems of earth. Confucius, who was a contemporary of Pythagoras, used these same *yang* and *yin* symbols, with the already age-honored signification above given; and he taught that the transmutations and comminglings of these odd and even numbers—corresponding, of course, with forces—kept "the spirit-like agencies" of the Kosmic world in movement.

Thus the theory of opposites and of the fundamental relations of odd and even numbers was not confined to a brotherhood of "fantastic metaphysicians" in Greece, and is perhaps worthy of the serious consideration of modern scientists. The twentieth century has not improved upon the Confucian Code of Ethics, and ancient wisdom is a vast storehouse of treasures for us.

The seven-fold permutations of the *Tattvas* was explained early in these lessons (Chapter VI), but you are now to understand that everything in Nature responds to this number seven,—a compound of three and four, and the factor element in every ancient religion, *because it is the factor element in Nature*. The most tremendous and baffling force in Nature is the mysterious synthesizing power of the triad, the "three in one." It is the Unity which in all the apparent confusion maintains harmony and order. This synthetic power is shared in only lesser degree by five and seven, and these three are most significant numbers for humanity.

Though invisible and inaudible to us in detail, the creative forces, in the form of rates of vibration which compound and dissociate the atoms and molecules, become in the synthesis of the whole audible to us on the material plane. The Chinese call it the "Great Tone," or Kung. It is the actual tonic of Nature, recognized by musicians as middle *Fa* on the piano.

The connection of the Logoi with humanity's sheaths will be the subject of the next lesson.



# Practical Telepathy.

BY ELLEN W. PRICE.

## LESSON VII.

### THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

#### PART II.

6. What, then, should you do? Some who write on this subject say that sympathy with others tends to weaken them, holding them down to thoughts of their unhappiness. Had you not sympathized with this woman, you would doubtless still have thought of her condition, but without impressing it upon her so deeply; for sympathy is the tie of kinship between God's children, the call which no human heart can withstand. Then next time you meet this woman, say to her mentally as you approach her, "With all my heart I desire that you shall be happy, and my strongest thought for you is that love shall lead you to the light." Now say "Good morning," and see the light of gratitude in her eyes. She does not understand just why she is grateful, but she leaves you carrying in her heart a feeling that she is not so badly off after all, and filled with hope and courage that will rouse her to renewed efforts.

If you doubt this, try it, and be convinced. It is splendid practice in telepathy, and will yield wonderful results if the thoughts you send out are strong and deep and true. The dirty, brutal boy who leers at you from the gutter, the shame-faced fellow who shuffles along, avoiding your gaze, even the dumb beasts of the street may all be made better and happier by your influence.

But this is all for strangers. There are those who associate with you through all the day, and do not escape your thoughts at night. Through the common interest which holds you together, an

excellent rapport is created between you, and the thoughts and conditions of each strongly impress the other. Thoughts of anger, malice, and hatred are poison to the mind that receives them as well as to the one that sends them. One's vitality sinks lower and lower under continued fault-finding on the part of those around him, even though none but courteous words pass between them. Many a confirmed invalid is merely the victim of unwholesome thoughts directed against him; while one may linger long after nature's forces seem to have been withdrawn, held by the love of another.

7. This is telepathy in its most subtle and effective form. The thoughts of others form a mental atmosphere which, mingling with the conditions we ourselves create, unites harmoniously with them. The habit of holding one's self positive against all undesirable thoughts is the only protection. Some do this instinctively; others suffer because they throw themselves open to all thought indiscriminately. A sensitive woman may by thoughts of fear and apprehension convert a man into a friend. Some small misdemeanor shocks her, and she keeps the thought current between them alive with insidious suggestions of what might happen. He, in his ignorance, unconsciously responds to these suggestions, utterly unable to understand what evil spirit possesses him. She bravely refuses to express her thoughts, thus intensifying them and adding to their force, the while comforting herself with the knowledge that she has never uttered a word of reproach to him; and he weakly confesses to himself that it is not what she says and does, but "the way she looks," that is driving him downward. Thus the very force that



drew them together in love now thrusts them apart in hatred because of their ignorance of its power. Yet doubtless they will both say, with conscious pride, "I never waste any time investigating 'phenomena'; I prefer to keep to practical things,"—which, being interpreted, means divorce courts and unhappy offspring. Who can tell what might have been had he held himself good-naturedly positive to her petty fears, or had she lived in a dream of the beautiful things he might do!

8. On this, the negative side of the situation, we need dwell no longer, for knowledge dispels all such possibilities. Let us enter the positive, where we create the beautiful at will and learn to use this power for the highest good. It takes a strong will to meet evil with a suggestion of good, but that is the only way to accomplish our purpose. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," ever and always. You can disarm anyone of his wrath by mentally returning soft answers. Try it and see for yourself. You can change any condition of inharmony by pouring the oil of loving thought upon it. And this way is far better than appealing to the conscious mind, which is disturbed and unheeding of the words of others; but the subconscious mind is always receptive.

9. To establish this silent communication between yourself and another, appeal to his higher self, by thinking of something he loves, or if possible directly calling his attention to it. A flower, a child's face, or the sound of sweet music will catch and hold the attention of one who loves it, arresting the action of the conscious mind and making it receptive. Then your thoughts will enter sweetly, with their full meaning and power. Whatever your message, open the way through love of something; for love is the key to all power.

You may render the conscious mind receptive by leading the conversation to favorite themes. An old man loves to wander through the days of his youth; and as he recounts the adventures of his boyhood, you may, by your thoughts, fill him with a peace, strength and joy that will break up all unhappy conditions, and may pass to him any knowledge within his understanding or comprehension. The tiny lad loves to talk of "choo-choo cars" and horses; while telling him stories about them, give him suggestions that will keep him a "good boy" all day, instead of impressing upon his unprotected mind, by word and thought, the idea that he is naughty.

But we may go a step farther, and gather from the everpresent wisdom of Infinite Intelligence whatever we need to guide us in our use of this power. There is no knowledge within the limits of our understanding that may not be had for the asking. Thus we may be led onward, step by step, in perfect security.

Now that you understand the use and power of suggestion, practice it in your daily life. Proceed in your work with faith that all will go well. Faith works miracles, because it opens the mind to spiritual power. Ask for the knowledge you need to guide you in your spiritual unfoldment; ask in faith that you will receive what you desire. And when the answer comes, ask for more and yet more, until you have penetrated into the innermost recesses of your soul, where knowledge to meet your needs comes unsought, and the wider faith that knows that all is well possesses you.

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*"Have patience with all things, but chiefly patience with yourself. Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them; every day begin the task anew."*

—St. Francis de Sales.



## How to Affirm.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

I am Health.

I am Prosperity.

I am Love.

How many people have repeated these words mechanically, as one might a charm, and then felt discouraged because results were nil, because repetition did not bring *realization*.

There is a side of your nature which touches the great unseen, all-pervading Life Principle, and it is this inner, basic, eternal self, which is at-one with the Life Principle, which you should keep in mind while repeating affirmations like those above, if you are to experience realization.

Your objective, physical self may be very far from well; your environment may show forth the opposite of prosperity; and yet because the Life Principle is universal, because we live in a *real* universe, because, therefore, all Life is One in its final expression, we may say of our *real* self, "I am health."

To realize health we must look to the vital, living *principle* of health and life at the center of being, and try to realize it in our consciousness.

We should try to *let* the real self within shine forth. To let the One Life find its way to expression through us.

I am health *because* I am at the center—one with universal Life—with the health of the universe.

To affirm health with only the physical body in mind is as apt to drive health from you, because you are then turning *away* from the source of health, from the unlimited *principle* to a limited manifestation, from the cause to an effect.

Get the mind still and *let* health come; let prosperity come; let love manifest itself within you.

This does not mean that you must be negative, but free from mental worry, fretting and anxiety.

When you worry you turn away from that vital *principle* within and see only the limited manifestation of the objective self.

"The Spirit shall guide you into All Truth"—if you will still your objective mind and stop worrying about your body and environment.

When you affirm health with the real self in mind—the self that contacts the Universal Life Principle—it becomes easy to throw your *faith* and *Good Will* into the vibration, and this leads to *realization*.

When you affirm mechanically, with the physical objective self in view, doubt and reason nullify the statement which you throw out into the vibration.

Make your appeal to the *principle* of health, and don't worry about its outward manifestation, for that will come if you are calm and faith-full and alert to do the very best you can to live in harmony with the Life Principle.

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*"Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and to do your best will breed you a hundred virtues which the idle will never know."*—Charles Kingsley.



## Anent Hypnotism.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

The subject was hypnotism.

"I do not believe that a hypnotic subject ever loses consciousness," said Mrs. A., "unless he *chooses*, of his own free will, to do so. I once saw a young girl, about fourteen years of age, put under hypnotic influence and kept under it while a difficult piece of dental work was performed upon one of her teeth. The operator stood by her side, and whenever she stirred and seemed about to arouse from the effects of the influence, a few passes would quiet her. After the work was completed I questioned the girl carefully as to her sensations at each stage of the proceeding. She informed me that there was never a moment when she could not have become wide awake, *instantly*, had she made an effort of the will. When the operator first tried to put her under the influence she felt like resisting, but knowing the work had to be done, and not relishing the pain, she gave herself up to the hypnotic spell as she would to an anæsthetic. She *felt* the dental instruments, but nothing that could be called pain. It was as if the dentist were working on something in her mouth which was disconnected from herself. In other words, the pain was inhibited. The deadening effect upon the nerves was somewhat like the effects of cocaine."

Perhaps the fact that we do not hear more about hypnotism of late years is due in part to the wide dissemination of the statements that no one can be made unconscious by hypnotism except by his own consent, and that no one can be compelled to do anything under the influence of hypnotism which he would object seriously to doing if he were fully awake. When these facts became generally known and accepted the various "professors" who made a fat living by

teaching hypnotism began to lose their vogue.

And this is probably well. There is little doubt but that weak-minded subjects were often seriously unbalanced by giving themselves over repeatedly to the hypnotic influence.

Hypnotism has largely been replaced by suggestion without hypnotism, which is open to fewer objections although much less sensational and attractive to the masses.

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## Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\* \* \* I have talked with several people who knew Helen Wilmans personally and they all agree that no one who made Helen's acquaintance could regard her as otherwise than honest, frank and well-intentioned. I had business dealings with Helen, in a small way, extending over a period of several years, and the testimony of these people but confirms my own impression of the woman. Whatever mistakes she made were not due to any lack of integrity of purpose or other than good intent.

\* \* \* Dr. Paul Edwards has many warm friends in all parts of the world, who like to keep track of his whereabouts—something, by the way, which is very difficult to do. We get many letters asking for his address, and usually are obliged to reply that we don't know it. Dr. Edwards skipped from the land of the Czar to Los Angeles, where we understood recently that he was stopping. Quite likely he's in South Africa by this time. If this meets his eye he might enlighten us as to his present address.

\* \* \* Dodge of Ruskin, editor of *Riches*, started a co-operative colony a year or two ago, which we now learn has dissolved. As to the cause of dissolution we know not. It seemed at the time the colony started as if they had



every opportunity for making it a success. It looks as if there are very few people ripe for putting the co-operative idea into practice. Possibly if the machinery of the government were set to work along this line, something successful might be accomplished. Meanwhile Dodge has apparently accepted the present commercial system as a sad necessity, and is busy organizing a stock company for the publication and promotion of *Riches*.

\* \* \* Netop is snug and tight for the winter. Rain barrels freshly painted a rich, dark red; ditto the screen doors. I also gave the whole cabin a fresh coat of paint. The rhubarb is covered with leaves and hay, all ready for the long, cold northern winter. The squirrels have apparently about completed harvesting the Netop chestnuts. The leaves have mostly fallen, except those of the scrub oaks, and the occasional report of a hunter's gun reminds one that the summer is over and fall is getting middle aged.

\* \* \* To return again to the subject of co-operative enterprises, or colonizing schemes, a woman who has visited nearly every place in America where these enterprises have been attempted, tells me that there are two prominent causes which lead to so many failures: viz., lack of sound financial management and the way in which the problem of the relation of the sexes is dealt with.

\* \* \* Is there any difference (save in degree) between what is called selfish and unselfish love? If I do something to help another, is it not because I *choose* to do it, and because it pleases me, and hence is it not primarily a selfish act? And yet there is a strongly marked distinction between those acts which are termed selfish and those which are really unselfish. A selfish act is performed *primarily* to please the doer and with

his personal gratification in mind; a *really* unselfish act towards another requires that the *good of the object of the act* should be uppermost in the mind of the doer, while whatever reward accrues is not consciously taken into consideration.

\* \* \* I was dictating a letter the other day, setting forth the value of an advertisement in December *Nautilus*. "Everybody buys freely at this season of the year," I said. And when the letter was transcribed the stenographer had made me say, "Everybody *lies* freely at this season of the year!"

\* \* \* Can we have clean money? If not, why not? These are the questions being agitated by one "Clean Money Morrison." He proposes that the government give us sterilized bills. It does seem strange that this great source of filth and contamination should have been neglected for so long. Why I know a young woman who used to work in a meat market as cashier, and when the warm weather came on in summer and her pores were well opened by the heat, she absorbed enough poison from the dirty bills she handled every day to cause a bad eruption on her otherwise healthy skin. One of the clerks at the post office tells me that some of the paper money taken in at the money order window is fairly alive and reeking with malodorous filth. The editor of *Opportunity* publicly announced *his* willingness to accept "filthy lucre" without complaint, and we ourselves wouldn't like anybody to hold back any remittance which they had decided to send us, because a crisp, new bill was not available; but we *do* believe this movement for clean money is worthy of all support. Anyone who is interested should write for particulars to C. L. Daniels, Secretary, Box 390, Franklin, Mass., enclosing stamp.



# Ho! For Jamestown.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

The Jamestown Exposition is drawing its last rather indolent breaths these days. By the first of December its spirit will return to the people who gave it, and the United States government will quickly gobble its body for its debts.

The Expo had plenty of interesting features, but even good features won't redeem a dirty face and slipshod *tout ensemble* to the extent of drawing a crowd that has to pay railroad fare, or even half fare.

William and I and our friend Virginia spent about five hours on the grounds one day, approaching by the main entrance. The first thing we saw was the much trumpeted trumpet-vinecovered fence. This would have been beautiful, but it was so covered with dust that you couldn't tell flowers from leaves. And the street that ran along beside it was unpaved and the dust inches deep. "Lee's Parade" spread before us as we entered, an immense dusty "vacant lot" with a bare, unpainted and dust covered grand stand facing us, sparse patches of dust covered grass around the edges. In the blazing sun we waded the dust of this parade, a good sixth of a mile at a guess, to find ourselves on Commonwealth avenue. A forlorn, dusty street with the backs (we supposed) of big unfinished buildings rising at long intervals on one side. We passed through a building and came out on the street they fronted. Immense buildings, set wide apart and connected by arched promenades. The sound of saw and hammer. In front of one building Pocahontas receiving her first coat of paint. Streets stretched away endlessly, dusty, edges sparsely grassed and apparently never irrigated, new and unfinished buildings on either side, *wide* apart. Here and there a few people wandering along. On one street a very narrow gauge railway stretching into the distance. Not a single car or train did we see on this track, which is supposed to carry sight-seers to distant parts of the grounds. Here and there a charming bit of fairly well kept garden beds. The Warpath huge enough, with the usual attractions. Here were a few more people than on the streets and in the buildings. Had a pretty good little Swiss village dinner here. Same little Cairo as at the Portland Exposition, best dancer missing.

We looked for the distinctively southern things first. Followed a delightful little trail

along a stream, through the woods to Powhatan's Oak. Went through the Arts and Crafts village just before noon. Part of the buildings were closed. Some were open, bare, waste baskets full, floors and tables littered, no attendants, nothing doing. One girl sold leather goods in one little house, and had some Ella Wheeler Wilcox mottoes done prettily. At a dairy exhibit we bought delicious buttermilk. Model schoolhouse closed tight. This was the extent of what we could find awake in the village at 11.30 one morning the last week in August.

In one agricultural hall we found an old and fine friend—or part of him—a portion of the same magnificent California exhibit we saw in Portland, Ore., at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. This was the finest exhibit we saw at Jamestown, and the next finest was Oklahoma's, attended by a sweet and obliging and well informed young woman. One state's exhibit consisted of a three cornered space, bare board walls at back, hung with photos, floor space filled with board tables covered with plates of apples. No attendants, no decorations of any sort, *beautiful* apples.

Most of the buildings were bare, half finished, exhibits only fair or worse, carelessly arranged and attended. At the building of the city of Richmond we were met on the great pillared veranda by our ideal of a real old style, handsome southern gentleman, who shook hands and chatted with everybody, and looked after them as if he were entertaining in his own home. The building itself is a stately, well furnished southern mansion. We were charmed with this bit of the real south. This, and that lichen-hung Pocahontas path and the big old Powhatan oak, in the depths of the woods, and the clump of tall southern pines at the far edge of the grounds, are our best remembered and most pleasing impressions of the Jamestown Exposition.

We expected to visit the grounds two or three days, but one day was enough. We picked out the really southern things to see, got a glimpse of the main buildings, and came away. Disappointed? Oh, no—we didn't expect much—we had heard the Expo was an awful fizzle, before we went. We went to get a glimpse of the south, not to see an Expo. We saw all the south we could at the Expo,



and spent the remainder of the time seeing it elsewhere.

If the south had undertaken half as much and done every inch of it *thoroughly* the world would have flocked to see. A nice southern man said, "If we had had another year to complete our exposition it would have been a splendid success." He spoke as if it were their misfortune in not being allowed time enough, rather than their fault of judgment in undertaking more than they could do *well* in the specified time.

The exposition was certainly very badly managed as a whole. Whether this was altogether the fault of southern lack of enterprise is a question. Somebody told us that the government shilly-shallied about granting the desired loan, so the southerners didn't know what to depend upon. The slipshod state of affairs may be partly the fault of northerners, who did not see the appropriation through Congress in time.

The Jamestown Exposition was a poor show for northerners who have cultivated the Expo-habit. But its interesting features were many, and as an educational feature for the benefit of a good many people who attended none of the other big expositions it must have been a great success. They say the government is to take over the grounds and buildings in payment for the loan, to be used for some sort of a big naval school or station. The place is ideal for this purpose, and it is said the government will lose nothing by the arrangement.

One of the main features of this exposition was the government exhibit, and the chiefest was the majestic naval display. The latter was worth the journey just in itself. We spent three days at the famous Chamberlin Hotel at Old Point Comfort, arriving Saturday night. Sunday afternoon we took steamer at the hotel and made the round trip over Hampton Roads to the exposition grounds and back, just for the ride. The sun was glorious, the waters wide and blue and still, and all about us rode at anchor the white and shining battleships—scores of them, like great clean, majestic swans preening for approaching night. Every deck was alive with white clad middies and sailors. White launches chuf-chuffed about us with more white clad men. For half an hour we

steamed straight through miles of lined-up white ships of all sizes and kinds. The scene and the salt breezes, the broad blueness, the clean whiteness, the shining sky above filled and expanded soul and lungs.

We started to run the same gauntlet of white ships again just as the sun set in a glory of color that flooded the blue waters and white vessels as far as eye could reach. Once before we had seen such sunset color, on the Potomac, returning from Mt. Vernon.

As the sun went down lights twinkled out everywhere, the ships boomed forth a salute of guns and whistles and sirens that sent delightful shivers down our spines, and raised ghosts of other days.

It took these guns to give us the first faint realization that this glorious scene of blue and white and golden twilight and peace could possibly connect with hideous *war*. And we *wouldn't* believe it then! We saw the world's brooding cosmic consciousness transmuting these war ships into *school* ships; these white clothed men into messengers of peace and prosperity. A far cry to fulfillment of such prophecy? May be. May be not so far as the pessimist thinks. Ages break as daylight comes—a few faint streaks, and before you know it, the full light of day.

Twice we took this glorious trip on Hampton Roads and the Chesapeake, old ocean in the distance, Old Point Comfort our home. No wonder Christopher North, ship driven by storms along the Carolina coast, fled for refuge into this harbor for a world's navies, touched this first landing place and called it "Point Comfort."

Point Comfort juts away out between Chesapeake and Hampton Roads, and the Chamberlin Hotel stands on the tip of it, *blue* sea on three sides, Fortress Monroe at its back. A well designed wooden structure longer than the Capitol at Washington, and five stories high. Wide verandas, dining rooms built well out over the water. Spacious, beautiful within. A marble swimming pool, with inlaid marble balcony, in the center of the building. A home to make you breathe and enjoy—and eat! We wanted to stay a week. But other things called.

(Concluded in January number.)

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*Send a Merry Christmas to your friend, along with a year's subscription to our magazine and something else nice—see special offer and information in "Nautilus News" department, page 2.*



# THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

*A Correspondence Department.*

*Conducted by the Editor.*

*If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen someone find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.*

*We are publishing herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.*

*Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.*

*To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of any number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.*

*To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in letter following publication of their letters.*

—EDITOR.

## *Success Letter No. 92.*

One important thing that made for success in my life was to realize that *I* was my own best friend or worst enemy. That no one could help or hinder me so much as *I* could myself. That success was accomplishment, therefore my success was a measure of my accomplishment, as a consequence of well-directed effort.

When I realized this I saw all mankind as my brothers and sisters, each traveling the same road as myself, with the same desire or end in view, and that to many of them the road, at times, any way, seemed long and dreary, with no visible end in sight; also that the best help I could give was a kindly, encouraging word. Having my own load to carry I could not work out another's route, but I could lighten their load by calling their attention to their own strength to carry it up the hill for themselves, and doing so seemed to lighten my own load, or I grew stronger and better able to bear it. I think it was both, since looking for the *good only* in every one and everything, I came to see good all the time. If I was not satisfied with the measure of accomplishment, I registered it as a guide-board to heed in better doing henceforth, giving it such place in my plans as would facilitate that end. Having done my best, everything counted, I was not to blame, unless it should be in *giving up*, which I have long realized will never help me to reach the goal. That within *me* lies the power for my success which no one can operate or achieve but

myself. Instead of thinking of the misfortune of *having to do this or that*, I congratulate myself on being *able to do it*.

The bread-winner as well as bread-maker, I have found myself, perhaps, with scraps of bread and potato water for my meal after staying the children's hunger, but instead of thoughts of hardship, etc., I was glad to have good digestion and thought of the nutriment contained in what I ate. Worse than what *did* come, *could* have happened, so there was always something to feel glad for.

The only help I sought was *work*, which was honorable because it was honest, and from this viewpoint it lost its sting, and being a measure of strength in capability, also its terror, and having risen above the fear of poverty, sickness, or other misfortune, have come into a realization and association with the harmony, beauty and joy that brings peace and the power to love all.—LOUISA A. QURLEY.

## *Success Letter No. 93.*

"Watch and pray," save time and energy by following the inner voice. God has nothing to waste. He does not direct until the right moment for action has arrived, and not then unless you are ready to heed. Listen, then obey what the soul tells you.

The soul speaks through impression. Its language is too fine for words. Get in the habit of looking within your own self for guidance upon all subjects that puzzle you. Then wait. Lay the question "upon the table until the next meeting," as it were. Spiritually, this means holding an open consciousness till the moment comes for reception, then mind. Leave out anxiety and take in its place the joy that comes to the faithful, (you are here to radiate happiness) and by so doing you will fall in with the happiness of others.

No danger of false dictation getting into a consciousness awaiting divine commands, and no danger of missing them.

Never set up any plan by which the soul is to guide you. Let go and eschew all responsibility. Its directions may come in a vision by night, or in some apparently foolish (to another) way. Make no promises, (but having made one strive to keep it) the future is not yours. Ever hold toward others the



attitude of love and good-will, this inspires confidence.

Astrology, philosophy, and all the sciences are included in mortality, which is negative to Spirit, therefore subject to it, with which your self is in touch through the soul being an entity.

Never postpone. For instance, do not say—I should love to go to so-and-so today but if I do I shall be unable to attend so-and-so tomorrow—the chances are the tomorrow one will be intercepted in some way and you will miss both. Your desire and ability to do today should engage your attention always.—NORA E. ANLINGS SIEGEL, Los Angeles, Cal.

*Success Letter No. 94.*

*Success is a realization of one's ideals.* As ideals are as varied as individuals, it is difficult to say what constitutes success in the abstract. To the busy housewife it may mean one thing and to the servant girl another. The farmer and the merchant must look at things from an entirely different standpoint; each has his own idea of what, to him, means success.

"What the heart thinks great is great," said our beloved Emerson, and to attain "what the heart thinks great," is to succeed.

The means of attaining success, or one's ideals, must depend largely upon the individual and his or her environment, yet for all humanity there are certain unchangeable laws that must be obeyed in order to reach a high plane of living.

To really succeed we must learn that *no one can harm us but ourselves*; that so-called sin is unfinished good, and any seeming injustice or unkindness done to us harms not us but the doer.

If I am really sure that no one can harm me but myself, all the criticisms of my mother-in-law and her numerous kin cannot hurt me, or change my ideals. If they are "dead sure" I'm a fool and a freak to take up new thought in the form of the *Nautilus* and many like publications, it doesn't hurt me or prove anything except that they have their limitations. I can still go my way feeling sure that *love* is the greatest thing in the world and through its fear-dispelling, uplifting influence may we attain the glorious thing we call success.—MARGUERITE J. PALMER.

*Success Letter No. 95.*

It seems to me that there is only one road that leads to ultimate success. The straight and beautiful road of honesty, integrity, love,

kindness, truthfulness and all the lines of virtue.

The majority of the human family tell us that the way to reap rich fruits, and become a success socially and financially, is through affiliating with some church, no matter whether one believes its teachings or not.

If it is true that "as we sow, so shall we reap," what will the harvest be when one sows hypocrisy? It is true that by assuming to be what we are not one may reap a financial and social success for a time, and even during his whole life. But the hypocrisy cannot be hidden, one's friends, and especially one's children will know that father or mother were not true to their highest convictions; that they were not honest and loyal at all times.

Our lives must tell their story and the only way to influence our associates for good, is by living an honest, clean life.

"Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." If we could live the Christ life—rule our passions, our desires, our every act by the Christ principle, we would attain complete success.—NINA HENLEY SMITH, Marshall, Texas.

*Success Letter No. 96.*

The way to success is by concentration. When we can concentrate all our force on the thing we have in hand, we shall not have time to look back on things that are past or forward to things of the future.

We shall have our minds on the ever-present "now," and all our force will be used to advantage.

There will then be no trouble about "going into the silence." The silence will be in us and will permeate every part of our being.

"Then death will be swallowed up in victory."—A. E. W.

The prize for the best Success Letter in our November number goes to Echo Murray, writer of Letter No. 90. Only one of our girls voted for any other than this letter. That vote went to No. 91. Don't you think our girls show pretty fine discrimination? Letter No. 90 is really as clear and comprehensive as it is short, and No. 91 is a good second. Clear Echo! Where shall we send your two subscriptions?—E. T.

## Send A Merry Christmas

to your friend, along with a year's subscription to our magazine and something else nice—see special offer and information in "Nautilus News" department, page 2.



## THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!  
It wad frae many a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF  
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION  
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

O. E.—Evidently you don't relax well when you try to go into the silence. Try taking your silent time in a reclining position. Lie flat on your back without a pillow, arms spread a little away from the body. Then let go. Get as loose and limp as possible. Let your thought follow each limb, and your body, bidding them get limp and heavy. Then go on with your silence. Pay as little attention to your feelings as possible. Turn your thought upward to the Infinite. Persist. Let no feelings distract you from the spirit you are courting. Gradually you will lose sight of "feelings," if you persistently ignore them and *aspire*. \* \* \* I am so glad of your success in the other things.

M. D.—What do I think of correspondence courses? How can there be any question about such a thing! Correspondence schools are one of the great blessings of this age. They carry college and professors straight into the home and give the most poverty stricken men, women and children, and the *busiest* ones a chance right alongside the wealthiest. Many of the college professors are also correspondence school professors, and reach through the latter far more people than they could possibly meet in the class room—reach them with *their best* knowledge, carefully laid out to best advantage for the pupil. By all means join a correspondence school. Ask them for curriculum and terms. The first covers almost every subject under the sun, and the latter are surprisingly moderate for the service rendered. The day for pleading "lack of advantages" is *past*—dead and buried by the correspondence schools.

M. O.—Treat yourself for perfect health. Take time every morning and every night to affirm it positively. Between times forget it as much as possible! Act just as near like a well woman as you can. This does not mean that you are to do the work of two women in one day. Arrange your work so there will be no strain. Whenever you have aches or bad feelings go take a little rest, lying flat on your back and affirming health, happiness and success first, then resting. Read something inspiring. Then get up and go at it again. Better to take many such rests every day, than to drag around and *compel* yourself to work. After a time you will find the periods of feel-

ing well grow much longer, and eventually you will outgrow the old troubles. Use any method of treatment that takes hold of your imagination, that attracts you. Whatever you do, do it with a will but never to the point of exhaustion.

F. H. G.—The bedbug problem! B-r-r-rrh! Solve it with soap and water a-plenty, repeated thorough fumigations with formaldehyde or sulphur, and *eternal cleanliness and light and air*. I believe in spontaneous generation of bugs in dark and dirt, and I *know* they flee from light and cleanliness and beds that are well shaken and aired every day. If your house is an old wooden one, your beds ditto, the quickest, surest way is to burn 'em. But *eternal* vigilance and cleanliness will succeed even with old houses and beds. Formaldehyde is better than sulphur and doesn't tarnish silver. Ask your druggist how to use it, and then use twice as much as he tells you. Repeat *every ten days* for six weeks or so. If you see bugs after that do it again. *Keep at it*. No other way that I know of, but I *know* this will work *every time*. And *cleanliness, light and air* will keep you free. Yes, even if you live in an apartment house where other folks have bugs. The bugs will crawl around *your* flat if you are clean enough! But don't stay in a place like that—takes too much energy to keep free. The same treatment will keep you free of other vermin too. Even rats and mice will desert a *clean* house—unless you leave food around loose or dump crumbs, apple cores, etc., in waste baskets. Then if you do all these things, and in addition take pains to keep sinks, bowls and bath tubs clean and *wiped dry* you will have no cockroaches and few flies, if any. Flies and roaches desert dry places. By the way, to get rid of flies close doors and windows, leaving a crack open at the bottom of one window, or a door, and an opening of three inches at the top of another window on the opposite side or corner of room; then heat a little formaldehyde over an alcohol lamp near the first named opening. The flies will fly from the formaldehyde gas, following the draft out through the window opened at top. A druggist told me this—he uses it to clear his drug store of flies. Have not tried it myself, because we have screens and keep things clean and dry. All the other things mentioned herein I have proved by experience.

Not new thought, though? Well, what of it, so long as it does the trick? Flora Parris Howard treated her bugs, and they went over to the neighbors! I prefer my way. You can try both if you like. But my way is healthier!



## Little Visits

*A Cosy Corner Department where everybody chats and the Recording Angel puts down what she can find room for.*

### *An Idea for Bread:—*

Peanut meal, wholly unknown in this country, has long been a staple article of diet among the poorer classes of Spain. Bread made from peanut meal is light and porous, but is better if mixed with rye in the proportion of four to one of the former. This mixture cannot be distinguished from pure rye bread, while it is far more nutritious. It contains a high per cent of nitrogenous matter, being only surpassed in this respect by skim milk cheese. Some of our readers ought to try this for an experiment and a novelty.—OREGON STATE JOURNAL.

### *A Splendid Christmas Idea:—*

When about a week before Christmas I received a letter from two loved ones so far away that they could not spend Christmas with us this year, (an unbroken custom for eighteen years) my heart sank like a lump of lead. Oh, what is the use of going on! I cried within myself. All the joy and light seems to have gone out. What! cried a still, small voice, are not these loved ones who are always with you equally dear and worthy your every effort? And perhaps they may not be with you another Christmas. I pulled myself up with a jerk and with renewed strength put every thought and effort in making this a Christmas of more joy than ever before,—and more, many little things, not thought of before, were added to the other pleasures. The result? I have spent one of the most quietly, peaceful holidays ever spent in my life.—FREDERICH MEISTER, Route 1, South Holland, Ill.

### *The Story of the Silver Spoons:—*

It was Christmas, 1881, that I was presented with a set of heavily silver-plated tea and tablespoons. Having been brought up in the atmosphere of put-things-away-and-save-them they were wrapped in tissue paper and put away to be brought out only on special occasions. About this time I was the proud mother of two sunny-haired babes. They, too, knew not to ask to eat with one of *mamma's spoons*, as they might *scratch them*.

About the year 1895, I began to get into a better atmosphere than that of the sweet bye-and-bye. Omnipresent, omnipresent began dawning upon me in spiritual things and in material as well. The set of spoons was one of the first things I questioned about. What am I saving them for, and when do I expect to use them? I answered, *now*. As I was not keeping house at that time I decided quickly to express them to my daughter who was married and living in an adjoining state, with the instructions to use them *every day*.

At the death of my daughter two years later the spoons came into my possession again. At this time I was so situated that the spoons were put into daily use. My son who believes in living *now*, while on a visit to home folks two years ago, stood looking over the dining table one day and said, "Why, mother, are you using those silver spoons?" I answered, "Yes, son, it is the best I can do. I know my children were raised on tin spoons, with silver ones put away in the drawer, but not so *now*." At the marriage of my son recently the question came up, What will we send him? I was not long in deciding—*silver spoons*, knives and forks, with the instructions—*use them now*. The story of the silver spoons is used as a reminder in the four generations of our family now living, if any member seems to be bordering on the old thought of put it away to save.—M. B.

### *More of Paderewski:*

In September number J. R. B. inquires of the family oracle about Paderewski. I will give her what information I have and tell her where she may secure full particulars.

Paderewski plays the Leischtizky method—I am not sure I spell the name just right. This old gentleman is a world-wide known teacher in Vienna. There is a life of him written by the Countess Potolka. Paderewski was his pupil; at the same time Mrs. Thomas (Bertha) Tapper studied with him. The former toured the world and the latter came to Boston and became the first teacher of the system in America. I remember at one time it was said Paderewski taught but one pupil, who married Joseph Adomowski. His brother Timothy is a well-known violinist, and so is Joseph. The lady's name was pronounced "Zhoumowski," but I have not the spelling at hand and I have just read your article.

For several years Madam Tapper taught in Boston and each year she spent the summer months with her old master, usually taking over one or more of her pupils to be finished off in Vienna.

I think Madam Tapper charged \$8 per hour but she had pupils teaching for much less money. The work is most interesting and very, very thorough; the person taking it up is more than the ordinary teacher, she is a musician which means that pupils have an interest taken in them that is not taken by the ordinary teacher.

Six years ago my daughter began to study with a pupil of Mrs. Tapper and this fall the young lady went to Vienna and is to study there a year.

Leischtizky has a book out for showing the position of the hands and some detail work. Charles Homeyer, music dealer, Tremont street, near Mason, Boston, carries everything about him or will secure anything you desire.

Mrs. Tapper is for a time teaching at the Music Institute, 53 Fifth avenue, New York. I made inquiry for a teacher for a friend, and I had a letter from her within a week giving me the name of a former pupil now in Boston.



I don't know where J. R. B. lives, but if she will write to me I will give her any further information I can and see if I can find her a teacher near her home.

"The Musician," published by Oliver Ditson Company, and edited by Thomas Tapper, \$1.50 per year, is of great value to all interested in music. (Mrs. Towne would enjoy it.) Mr. and Mrs. Tapper entertain all the musical people in the world, and are intimately acquainted with the grand opera singers. He is, therefore, especially qualified to write of them and their work. The illustrations are very fine.

I hope J. R. B. will decide upon this method. It is the one used by the leading pianists at the present time.—NELLIE C. CLIFFORD, 18 Tremont street, Boston.

*Disagrees with Professor Larkin:—*

I wonder if I may obtrude upon you a few thoughts awakened by Professor Larkin's article, "Cosmical and Human Directivity or Will."

He gives some of the attributes belonging to the human race, then makes the statement that nature knows nothing but force, cruelty.

It is then, according to the great, old, Presbyterian doctrine—

"Who made you?"

"God."

"What did he make you for?"

"For his own glory."

Just something to exercise his power upon leaving *love* out of the question.

There are still undreamed of forces within ourselves. There is a power if we know how to use it that could lift the world. As we are a miniature cosmos the same power is within us that is in nature.

Christ stilled the tempest with "Peace be still." He knew of that force and so will we in time.

Nature is sometimes as a child in its ungovernable rages. Man has harnessed electricity, why not exert wisdom and power in other directions? It must be so. Nature is urging us on. "Learn or go." So the most of us go and will continue to go until we learn what nature has to teach.

Mother Earth has so much that is sweet and good for us and is she not in some degree an exponent of the teachings of the All Good.

So it seems to me.

Won't *Nautilus* folk talk about this some, that a little here and there may be a kindly light on the pathing of life?—E. D. BENNER-SCHMIDT, Natchez, Miss.

It seems to me Professor Larkin's conclusions fall short of the mark in that he seems to separate man from "nature." Surely man is a part of nature, and if whatever is true of nature is true of God then what is true of man (a part of nature) must also be true of God. And Pope's definition covers the whole ground:

"The universe is one stupendous whole.  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

If this be so, all that is true of Nature including man is also true of God. And who knows how much more besides?—E. T.

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## What Was It

**The Woman Feared!**

What a comfort to find it is not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

A woman in Ohio says:

"I was troubled for years with indigestion and chronic constipation. At times I would have such a gnawing in my stomach that I actually feared I had a—I dislike to write or even think of what I feared.

"Seeing an account of Grape-Nuts, I decided to try it. After a short time I was satisfied, the trouble was not the awful thing I feared but was still bad enough. However I was relieved of a bad case of dyspepsia, by changing from improper food to Grape-Nuts.

"Since that time my bowels have been as regular as a clock. I had also noticed before I began to eat Grape-Nuts that I was becoming forgetful of where I put little things about the house, which was very annoying.

"But since the digestive organs have become strong from eating Grape Nuts, my memory is good and my mind as clear as when I was young, and I am thankful." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

## Anent Books and Things.

*When sending books for review please remember to give selling price, and address where book may be obtained. We notice on this page all cloth-bound books sent us, and as many paper bound ones as we can find space for. Small space forbids our reviewing music.*—E. T.

—Here is a copy of Mrs. L. Dow Balliett's book, "Success Through Vibration," which has just entered the fourth edition. An exposition of the science of numbers and their relation to success. The simplest and most useful book of the sort, that I know of. Price, \$1.00. Sold by W. E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

(Continued on Page 46.)



## More Than Ever

**Increased Capacity for Mental Labor  
Since Leaving Off Coffee.**

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum Food Coffee, instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

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"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again, showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

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Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

—"Ghosts, a Message from the Illuminati," is the name of a handsome and most artistic little volume by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor Tyndall. A good definition! Full of interest. Bound beautifully in flexible leather stamped in gold, price \$1.12; in yellow cloth and black, thirty-five cents. Address The Swastika, 1742-1748 Stout street, Denver, Col.

—"Parnassus, the Delphian Temple, Apollo and his Oracle," is an interesting study by Mrs. C. B. Robertson, who dedicates the artistic blue-cloth-and-gold-swastika volume to the "Greek Circle" of the Cincinnati Woman's

(Continued on Page 48.)

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## Circle of Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.  
Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.  
Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.  
Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.  
For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desires except all the world share with him.

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Including yourself.

Will you join all the readers and the editors of *The Nautilus* in daily periods of Whole-World Healing? No memberships, fees or special duties, no joining of anything but a spiritual movement. The entire visible sign and direction of this Circle of Healing appears in this column, in each number of *The Nautilus*. You join the Circle in thought only; no letters, fees, etc., are connected with it. You are free to secede when and how you choose.

No duties are attached and only one privilege: That of holding your own version of the thought expressed herewith, sending it out to all the world each night before you sleep, and as many times during the day as you think of it.

Each number of *The Nautilus* will carry in this column the thought to be used daily until the next number appears.

The emolument of membership in this Circle is *The Cosmic Consciousness*.

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every Creature.—THE EDITORS.

\* \* \*

Key thought for daily meditation:—

Remember that what you desire is NOT coming TO you, now or ever. It comes THROUGH you, from the unseen into the seen world. Whilst you are in the kitchen washing dishes, or in the shop waiting upon a customer, the things you desire are forming within you. You cannot see the beauty you desire but you can feel it if you are mindful of it, if you look for it—you can feel it as a still, warm calmness at the center of you. And your customer can see it shining in your face and feel its thrill in your quiet, whole-hearted attention. It will mayhap quiet the turbulent waters of his soul. And it will surely help your soul into expression of the beauties you crave. Be still, dearie, and let the unseen harmonies be felt through you.

Be still and know the I AM God within you.

Be still and let what you are into this act NOW.—Elizabeth Towne.



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Club. Her daughter, Esther Robertson of Sunburst, N. C., sent me this copy with her love. Thank you, Esther!

—Harry W. Bondegger has translated two of my small books into German, and the translations have been published in very attractive paper bound books at twenty-five cents each, by Carl Georgi, Berlin. One booklet is "How to Train Children and Parents," the other, "Solar Plexus," and either can be obtained from *The Nautilus* office. I am very proud of these German translations of my books, but I can't read 'em. When I get time I shall learn German and read those books.

(Continued on Page 50.)

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- |                    |                    |                       |
|--------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Money           | 6. Ambition        | 12. Concentration     |
| 2. Mental Attitude | 7. Desire          | 13. Persistence       |
| 3. Fear and Worry  | 8. Will Power      | 14. Habit             |
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(Continued on Page 52.)

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—Some of the most interesting articles we have read in the late magazines are: "Natural History of the Ten Commandments," Ernest Thompson Seton, in *Century* for November. "Yale's Experiments with Fletcherism," and "Spread of the Galveston Plan of City Government," by Charles Calver Johnson, and "Dr Robertson's Work for Canadian Farmers," by George Iles, all in *Review of Reviews* for November; and an article on the new healing movement by Dr. Worcester and his assistants, at Emanuel Church, Boston. Two stories that will interest new thought folk are "The Shuttle," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, just closing in *Harper's Magazine*, and "The Meagre Life," by Perceval Gibbon, Part II of which appears in *McClure's* for November.

—"The Nautilus New Thought Calendar" will interest all our readers, and I hope every *Nautilus* family will have at least one. William and I have found great pleasure in making selections for this calendar—we tried to choose the very best and most suitable things

(Continued on Page 54.)

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(Continued on Page 56.)

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